

Beautiful Mess

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Beautiful Mess

by [Fictionismyescape](#)

Summary

Hermione hated it. Hated that her own biology was interfering with her final year of education. Hated that even with all the magic in Britain, they couldn't keep up with the demand for suppressant potion.

Did she hate who was willing to help her through it? Sort of, but he was clearly not the same as he had been before the war.

Was she willing to deal because he was just that good? Oh hell yes.

Notes

This is my first ever Harry Potter fic that I've posted, as well as my first time ever posting an explicit work, so please be gentle!

Draco/Hermione is my favourite pairing and I love the dynamics that come from them in Alpha/Omega stories so I thought I would try it out for myself!

In light of recent events, I am adding a bookbinding policy to my works: *** Please note that in regard to binding any of my stories, I request that you reach out to me asking permission. Binds may only be done for yourself or as gifts. You do not have my permission to bind with the intention of making money in any form.***

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Back to School

It was a whirlwind of emotions that swept through Hermione's body as she walked through the Great Hall doors for the first time since the Battle of Hogwarts. A part of her was beyond grateful that they were being given the opportunity to come back for their final year, but it also felt weird. The work that had been done to the castle was phenomenal, it all looked the same. Except for the memorial that had been set up in the entrance hall for all those who had died, the restoration project had been to make everything look as it always had.

"You okay, Hermione?" Ron asked as they, along with Harry, Ginny, and Neville sat down at the Gryffindor table.

"Yeah, I'm just having a hard time with coming back I guess." She replied, taking a sip of her water. Everyone nodded in understanding as mixed feelings were running rampant through all of them, but no more words were said as a hush fell over the students when Professor McGonagall stood up and walked around to the front of the teacher's table. It was odd to see her standing where Professor Dumbledore had once stood, and Hermione reached for Harry's hand that wasn't being held by Ginny, giving it a squeeze.

"Welcome everyone," McGonagall called out, "to our beautifully restored school. To our returning students, we hope that fond memories will help ease the pain of what has occurred, but should you find yourself having a hard time, please see your head of house. We are working to bring in therapist from St. Mungo's to aid with the transition of returning. For our first years, welcome to Hogwarts. We hope that you will enjoy your time here as deeply as those before you have." She continued on with school rules that sounded so familiar it made Hermione smile and zone out while the sorting happened and the food appeared.

"I hope they're being paid now," she muttered as she dove into the pie. "After everything--"

"Don't worry, Hermione." Harry interrupted. "I talked to McGonagall and she said they are, as well as they've brought in more elves so that they can do better with shift work and time off." Hermione nodded her approval and felt a little less guilty about enjoying her dinner.

Conversations ring out around the hall, some people seeing housemates for the first time since the war, however it started to die down as everyone filled up and a drowsiness fell over them. McGonagall stood up and it went silent.

"One final note before you go off to bed, we wanted to address the presentation of the Alpha/Omega/ Beta biology that has presented itself in many of you since the war. As everyone knows, St. Mungo's is working to try and understand what it was about this war that caused it. All information will be given to you as it is given to us. This dynamic isn't new to the wizarding world, however it was believed until now that it had only been an impact on very old wizarding families, and even then, it hasn't been something to present itself for many years.

As you may be aware, suppressant potions are of limited supply right now due to the influx of demand. Madame Pomfrey has stocked up on what she can, however she is asking for you

to go to her in only an emergency situation. Omegas, if you find yourself in heat and don't feel safe to stay in your dorm rooms, you are to go to her immediately and she will tend to you. We know there are a few of you that have already found mates and therefore have been given special accommodations, your letters outline those and your Head Girl and Boy have been notified of these situations as well.

For those who are coming to the age that we believe presentation occurs, you have all been designated a class period for learning what little history we know of this biological effect in humans, and please inform your head of house if you experience symptoms of any kind. Now off to bed!" The noise level rose as everyone stood and started to flood out of the Great Hall. Prefects called to new students to follow them to their houses while older students instinctively huddled in their groups and made their way out.

"It's strange you going off somewhere else, Hermione." Ginny said as they started up the stairs. "Though I'm not surprised you were given Head Girl. Have you found out who the Head Boy is yet?"

"No," Hermione said with a shake of her head. "I thought there would be a meeting on the train but my letter said that tomorrow we'll be having a meeting with McGonagall and all the prefects, so I guess I'll meet him when I get to the dorm room." As Head Girl, she would be staying in a separate dorm space from her house, along with the Head Boy. She was nervous to find out who it was, as she'd asked everyone she knew who could've been given the role, only for them all to say no.

"Well, I want to know immediately tomorrow morning who it is," Ginny said and then turned to Harry. "I think I just want to go to sleep." Harry nodded, bringing her hand to his lips to kiss.

It hadn't been that much of a surprise to most - except for Ron of course - when Ginny went through her first heat and Harry had helped her through. The next one resulted in the tell tale marks on both their necks that they'd made their claims on each other, and therefore would be given a special room within Gryffindor tower in order to stay together.

Surprisingly, when Hermione presented as an omega and went into her first heat, she and Ron had discovered that they weren't as compatible as they'd thought. It wasn't that it had been bad, he'd definitely eased the feverish peaks of it, but it just hadn't felt right. This however left Hermione wondering what she would do in the event of another heat, although she'd managed to get her hands on a supply of suppressant potion to make it through the first 6 months of school, and hopefully that would be enough time for the demand to even out and she could get more.

"I'll see you guys in the morning." She called as they split off, leaving her wandering down a surprisingly quiet corridor. She came to a tapestry with a group of witches and wizards having a meal and counted 3 stones to its left. She found the one with a little X marked on it, took out her wand, and taped it twice before saying, "Lemon Twist." A door materialized in front of her, and with a giddy feeling running through her, she pushed it opened and headed up the short stairway to a comfortable sized common room.

There were a couple chairs and a couch placed in front of the fireplace, which was crackling softly, desks below the windows and a bookcase with a handful of books already on it. Another staircase was beside it, with a set going to the left and right. Her letter had said that she would be to the left and although she wanted to check out the books, she was curious about her new room, so she moved towards the stairs and opened the door at the top.

Aside from the fact that it only had the one four-poster bed, it reminded her of her old dorm room; her trunk at the foot of the bed, a window to the right of it, and the little warmer stove in the middle to keep the chill out of the room. Gryffindor colours were everywhere, and it brought an incredible sense of calm to what had been a very overwhelming day.

She was just thinking about waiting to see who had made Head Boy for tomorrow when she heard the door to the common room open and close. Steeling herself for what was to come, she turned and made her way back down, nearly toppling off the bottom step when she caught sight of the blonde-haired boy standing by the bookcase.

Merlin help her when he looked up and smirked.

“Hello, Granger.” Draco drawled.

Settling In

Chapter Notes

I don't know how long this story is going to be, but I'm hoping to get it written and published as quickly as possible. I have a habit of abandoning stories if I don't get it out quick enough haha

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“No,” she couldn’t help the comment, and although it was Draco Malfoy, and he fully deserved her deep dislike, she felt guilty for being so forwardly rude. He had, after all, given every indication over the past 2 years that he had changed, starting with taking his year in Azkaban without complaint.

“Yes, it would appear this school still has some sense of humour.” Draco placed the book he’d been holding back onto the shelf and shoved his hands into the pockets of his pants. Everything about his demeanour indicates that he was nervous, maybe a little anxious to be standing in front of her, however, he also held himself with confidence, as he always had. There was something different though, and when she remembered to breathe, her senses knew the change immediately.

He was an Alpha.

For fucks sake. She was a war hero, why was she being punished?!

“Apparently,” she mumbled, shock still rolling off of her as she watched Draco look around their shared space. There was a tense silence, broken when he cleared his throat and glanced at her before looking down at his shoes.

“Listen, Granger, I umm... I wanted to thank you for what you said at my trial. If it wasn’t for you, Potter, and Weasley I’d have ended up in Azkaban for far longer than a year.” Hermione could tell how hard it was for him to say it, though it didn’t appear to be because of her being muggleborn. It just wasn’t in his nature to apologize, so she could understand his lack of ability to look at her while she spoke. It didn’t change his years of mistreatment towards her and her friends, but given their circumstances, it was probably best to try and be civil.

“Well, you did help us by not giving Harry away when we were brought to your family manor, so...” She didn’t really know what else to say so she stood there wringing her hands and looking everywhere but at him.

“Yeah, well, you know...” The awkwardness of their interaction was getting worse, and Hermione decided to put an end to it.

“We have an early morning for that meeting,” she said, finally looking at him. “We should probably get some sleep. It’s been a long day.” Draco nodded, running a hand back through his hair.

“It has indeed,” he said quietly, and then almost hesitantly, he looked up at her. His eyes didn’t give away his nervousness, but his body language hinted at it. “Listen, Granger, given our situation, I think we need to be honest with each other.” Hermione nodded, concerned about where he could be going with this conversation. “I can tell you’ve presented as an omega.” A sharp breath of air left her lungs, her status having flown from her mind upon seeing him down here. Of course, this had the chance of being a problem.

“I have suppressants for the next 6 months,” she said, answering the question that hung in the air. “I assume by then the shortage will be dealt with. It won’t be an issue.” Draco nodded.

“Alright, well, if you need me to leave at any time, I’ll go stay in Slytherin House until it’s, umm, over.”

“I appreciate your concern and your regard for my space, but I doubt it’ll be something we need to worry about. The suppressant potion keeps all symptoms away so there isn’t a chance of a heat as long as I am consistent with taking it.”

“Alright, well, still.” He cleared his throat again and then pointed to the stairs. “I’ll see you in the morning. We should get up a bit earlier and discuss how we’d like this year to go before we meet with everyone.” Hermione nodded and they went their separate ways to bed.

As she pulled her robes off and grabbed her pyjamas from her trunk, Hermione found her thoughts wandering to the situation in front of her. Draco had clearly turned a new leaf the past couple of years, and she didn’t think it was just his time in prison, though from what she had heard a lot of people had changed from that alone. Although dementors no longer had control of the prison - the Ministry of Magic decided there was too much of a risk of them still being involved with dark magic - the wizards who’d been put in charge were scary enough. Thinking about it, she assumed it could possibly have something to do with his father no longer being a part of his life. Lucius had been given a much harder sentence, with no one having a good thing to say for him. Very likely he would die in Azkaban. His mother had been given a short stint there as well and then given house arrest for the next 5 years for her involvement. Therefore, Draco was now only seeing his mother, who Hermione had gotten the vibe cared more for her son than most things relating to their pure blood status.

With a sigh, she got under the covers and looked around. Their newly-discovered biological statuses were just another thing that was likely to keep them from being anything more than civil.

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It didn't take long for Hermione to get into a routine not far from her old one. She had packed her schedule with as many classes as possible, and with the added Head Girl duties to handle, she was able to distract herself from the fact that no news was coming through about a change to the suppressant shortage and the fact that nightmares plagued her sleeping hours, causing her to frequently wake up in a cold sweat.

There had been some nice changes though, starting with Harry and Ron actually doing their work. They weren't taking as many classes, but she had assumed they would be as they always had been, however aside from getting her to check their work from time to time, they were doing well. Maybe Ginny had something to do with that. So they were actually able to enjoy some of their study time together. The other change was between her and Draco, something that had her friends feeling very uncomfortable, but she brushed them off. For the most part, they kept to themselves, remaining civil and attending to their duties as the Head of students. But they were also taking most of the same classes, so often they found themselves comparing notes and working through difficult homework together. She had to admit to herself that he was comparable in academic smarts, and found herself enjoying their debates on who has really been the leader of the Goblin Revolution.

As Christmas break came around, she almost found herself sad to be without him, not that she would ever say such a thing out loud. She was planning on spending half her time with friends, while also being with her parents.

"Are you going home?" She asked him as they sat on the floor by the fire finishing an essay for Ancient Runes.

"For the break? Yeah. Mother and I are planning a trip to Italy, get away from London for a bit." He didn't look up from his textbook while he chewed the end of his quill, something Hermione had noticed he did when he was having a hard time concentrating. "It's not as if we're really welcome around here anymore." The comment seemed to come out before he could stop himself, and his whole body went rigid. He refused to look up and kept flipping through his textbook as if he hadn't said anything. Hermione felt an uncomfortable chill go down her spine, which made her even more uncomfortable. As much as she and Draco were getting along, she refused to get past years of hurt. So rather than responding, she put her head down and continued with her work.

...

"Hermione, I think you're losing it," Ron grumbled as they watched the snow fall from the compartment they'd managed to find on the train. "You're saying Malfoy isn't the slimy git he was before the war?" Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Yes, Ron. I mean he still has a level of arrogance to him, which I assume has a lot to do with the presentation of his alpha, but he has generally changed."

“Sorry, Hermione, I just can’t see it. He’s still snarky in classes.” Harry was sitting across from her and Ron, Ginny curled up at his side asleep. The suppressant potion didn’t appear to work with those who’d found their mate, so she was forced to go through her heats. Although they only came every 3 months, she’d of course had one this month. She and Harry had been excused from the final week of classes to handle it, but now she was exhausted.

“Yes well, I’m still a know-it-all, aren’t I?” Hermione countered, to which Ron snickered and she smacked him. “People can change and still have characteristics from before, it doesn’t mean they’re the same person.”

“I don’t know, I think it’s still too much to think that he’s changed that much. Look at his family, his dad is gone away for the rest of his life, and his mother is on house arrest for another 4 years. Not to mention, look at who he was related to, Bellatrix tried to kill Ginny, how can you look past that?” Hermione sighed, knowing that it was no use arguing with them. Draco would always be Draco to them, and maybe they were right. Perhaps his civility was coming from a place of not wanting to risk being caught for still holding onto his family’s beliefs. What he said about needing to get out of London was the only thing holding her back from truly believing it though.

They spent the rest of the train ride home in relative silence. Hermione pulled a book from her bag and was almost done by the time they reached the train station. As they left the station, she glanced around and noticed Draco getting into a black car with his mother. Just before she looked away, he turned and they locked eyes. He gave her his classic smirk and a short wave before sliding in after his mother.

Chapter End Notes

Love the love for this story already!

Reviews are always wonderful!

Counting Down

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Oh no. Oh no, no no no no,” Hermione found herself rocking back and forth on a bed in the hospital wing after hearing the news from Madame Pomfrey.

“I’m sorry, dear.” The nurse said, sounding as stressed as the lines on her face showed her to be. “We had so many omegas present after Christmas and the shortage is still a problem, I haven’t been able to get more than a couple of bottles of restock. I can only spare one.” She turned to her office and came back out with a bottle. “Now, do you know when your next heat is supposed to hit?” Hermione shook her head as she took the bottle and gripped it tightly. She had gone on her suppressant immediately after her first and therefore hadn’t given it a chance to create a defined cycle. For all she knew, her heat would start next month when this bottle wore off. She had been in contact with St. Mungo’s for weeks, her 6 month stock gone and no sign of the shortage coming to an end. It didn’t make any sense! Someone had gotten back to her and explained that one of the main ingredients for the potion was a plant that was only found in the highlands of Scotland where their wizarding community was situated. They however weren’t having a sudden rise in Omegas requiring the potion, so why was it so hard for them to collect the ingredient and send it to London?

“Thank you, Madame Pomfrey,” Hermione said when she had finally calmed down enough to speak. She stood and walked out to where Ginny and Luna were standing waiting for her.

“Only one bottle for you too?” Luna asked, and Hermione nodded. “Darn, I was hoping maybe she’d gotten more and I could have another one. I just used the bottle she gave me to get through this month, and I only have one more month before my heat will kick in.”

“At least you know when it will happen, I can’t even prepare myself for it.” Hermione uncorked the bottle and downed the contents, making a fast as the bitter potion slid down her throat. “Ugh, Ginny I envy you for not needing to drink this stuff, it’s bloody awful!” Ginny smirked as they made their way through the castle towards the Great Hall. Breakfast would be served already so the boys were likely already stuffing their faces with food.

“Yeah, but I have to go into a feverish daze every 3 months that only goes away when Harry puts his dick in me.”

“Oh, Ginny don’t say it like that!” Hermione squirmed. “You know he’s like a brother to me! I don’t need to hear something like that!” Ginny only laughed, and Luna chuckled.

“Seriously though,” Ginny said as they came down the stairs. “It’s kind of annoying needing to rely on him to get through it. I love him and everything but it’s so... un-me, I guess. Not to mention the fear of ending up pregnant even while taking the birth control potion is incredibly stressful. Did you know its effectiveness goes down 45% during a heat?!” Luna and Hermione nodded as they walked to the Gryffindor table. One of the biggest changes since the war was that house tables mingled during meal times. There was still the

competitive edge for wanting to win the House Cup, but people had made friends outside their houses, even those in Slytherin had started to talk with others.

"I'm almost thankful I don't have someone to be mated to," Hermione said as they sat down. "I wouldn't want to risk my chances of ruining a career because of this."

"Problem is, if they don't get through this shortage soon, you're going to *need* to find someone," Luna said as they filled their bowls with porridge. "Cho saying that she thought she was going to die when she went through hers alone, and when she went to the St. Mungo's, the doctor she spoke with said that an omega can only handle one, maybe two heats without an alpha before they are risking their health, or even risking death. It's the reason my father decided to put me on the suppressant. He thought we could just figure it out, but when I told him that he said it wasn't worth the risk until I found a mate." Hermione huffed as she stirred her food around, fear tingling up her spine. She had a month of nothing to fear before she had everything to fear. Glancing over at Ron who was deep in discussion with Neville over Quidditch teams and who would likely win the cup this year. She supposed if need be, she could ask Ron to help her through again, but given that they had concluded it was too weird between them, it didn't seem like the best option. Although he would likely agree to it if it was absolutely necessary.

She just hoped it wouldn't come to that.

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"Alright everyone, I think that's all we needed to discuss." Draco rolled up the parchment that he and Hermione had written out the notes they'd wanted to discuss with the prefects at their monthly meeting. "Did you have anything to add, Granger?" Hermione shook her head, too absorbed in her own thoughts to think about anything to do with keeping other students in line. "Okay then, goodnight everyone." The prefects stood from the table in the Great Hall where they had their meetings and headed off to their respective houses, talking quietly to each other about who had hallway duties that night. Hermione stood up and grabbed her bag, exhausted from the day and not looking forward to the homework she still had to do before going to bed, but Draco stopped her with a hand on her shoulder.

"Are you alright, Granger?" He asked. "You barely said a word during that meeting when you normally can't wait to contradict most things I say, even when we'd already agreed to it." He was clearly trying to get a rise from her, whether that be a laugh or an argument, Hermione didn't know, but she didn't have the energy for either., Hermione didn't know and didn't have the energy to react.

"Sorry I've just got a lot on my mind," she said quietly, finding her voice couldn't rise any further.

"Anything I can help with?" She looked at him with a raised eyebrow as they stopped in front of their wall. "Don't look at me like that, it may not seem like it but I actually am a

gentleman.” Hermione snorted.

“And I’m a camel.”

“Well you could be, I don’t know if you have animagus.”

“Well I’m not, so therefore your comment about being a gentleman is as ridiculous as mine.” Draco rolled his eyes and dropped his bag, the humour seeping out of the room as he watched her.

“You’ve run out of potion, haven’t you?” Hermione’s jaw dropped a little.

“How did you-“

“You told me when we first got here that you had 6 months worth, and I can assume you’ve gone to Madame Pomfrey for some more. I know for a fact she’s only handing out one bottle to everyone who comes in which would explain you not being concerned for this month. But it’s looking like this shortage isn’t ending any time soon so... do you know when it might happen?” Hermione was shocked at how closely he had been paying attention, those she supposed it was in his best interest to do so. He was obviously making sure he was prepared to not be around in case she went into heat.

“I umm, I don’t know. I didn’t give my cycles a chance to work themselves out.” Draco nodded.

“Daphne was the same way, her first heat was miserable.” Draco dropped himself into a chair and stretched out his legs.

“Daphne is your girlfriend?” Hermione asked tentatively as she sat on the couch, pulling her legs up underneath her and hugging a throw pillow. They hadn’t had any personal discussions, the closest they’d come was Draco’s comment before the holiday. She wasn’t sure if he’d be willing to open up.

“No,” Draco smirked as he waved his wand and a glass came down from his room, followed by a bottle of Firewhiskey. Hermione raised an eyebrow but didn’t say anything. “Though I’m sure our parents would love that. She comes from a-“ He stopped himself and looked over at her, and Hermione knew what he was going to say.

“Pureblood family,” she waved her hand for him to keep going. The fact that he’d stopped himself from saying said a lot about the lengths he was going to in order to try and fix himself. Pure blood wasn’t considered a bad term the way mudblood was, but it had bad connections now.

“Yeah, well, anyway. Our parents have always been friends and there was talk about an arranged marriage for a while but they gave that up. She and I are only compatible on a friend level.”

“Honestly I always assumed you’d end up with Pansy,” Hermione said as he picked at a thread in the pillow. She jolted when Draco nearly spit out his drink and laughed. She’d never

heard him truly laugh before, it was nice.

“Merlin no!” He said before taking another drink. “I mean, Pansy would have loved that but I could never be interested in her. Too clingy and still has too many old connections and interests.” He went quiet and the tension stirred around them until Hermione broke it, surprising herself with how much she was enjoying their conversation.

“So did you help Daphne through her first heat? I only ask because you seem to have a very good understanding of how bad it was for her.” Draco nodded, filling his glass again.

“I did. She went into it while we were out for dinner one night, there were a few guys around who started to come after her so I took her back to the manor. I wasn’t going to, we’d talked about it once and decided it would be too weird, but I couldn’t let her be in that much pain and not try to help. I managed to get her to calm down long enough for us to agree that it was a one-time thing and then, well, helped her handle it.” He shrugged, setting his glass down on the little table beside him. “I could tell that it wasn’t enough. Even between her peaks, she was on the edge of feverish when everything we’ve ever been told is that a true mating will bring an omega out of it long enough to take care of themselves. Once it was over we talked it out and then informed our parents, they were not pleased but obviously, there’s nothing they can do about it.”

“I didn’t know a true mating could take a heat away,” Hermione said absently, staring at the fire. “Ron helped me through my first, since we had started dating we assume it was going to be fine, but I experienced the same thing. I came down but I still felt off. It was very much as if I couldn’t get enough, no matter how frequently we did it.” She felt her cheeks heat up at the thought of talking about her sex life with Draco Malfoy. Oh how the times had changed. “How do you know about it?”

“Alpha/ Omega biology runs through old wizard families,” Draco replied, which triggered Hermione to remember McGonagall’s words at the start of term. “Although it’s been a dormant gene for a few generations now, neither of my parents presented and I don’t think my grandparents did either. Mother speculates that the stress of the war brought it out since it does relate to having children, at least in us, she’s as clueless as the rest of us as to why it has presented in the wizarding population as a whole.”

“Wouldn’t it have shown up in them if it related to having children?”

“You’re forgetting you’re history, Granger.” Draco tutted teasingly at her before going serious. “Our parents had already had kids by the time the last war ended, whatever activates the gene likely wouldn’t have found it necessary to show up. Not to mention they were all older than we were anyway. One thing everyone seems to agree on is that after the age of 20 the gene doesn’t become active.” Hermione nodded, remembering reading about the age limit in one of the few books she’d been able to find regarding the dynamics when she had first realized she was an omega. They had all been 18/19 by the time the war came to an end, allowing for the gene to activate.

“I wish I had been a beta,” she mumbled into the pillow. “Katie Bell is one of the few girls I know who didn’t become an omega. She’s gotten to live her life without any setbacks.”

“Being an omega isn’t going to set you back, Granger,” Draco said sternly. “It’s just going to be a challenge, which I know you have no issues with. Once the potion shortage is over you’ll be fine - or you find your mate, though I know the suppressant won’t work anymore, but at least you’ll have someone to help you through it.” Hermione nodded, but she had a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. She had very few options for what was looking more and more like her second heat. Either she got lucky and she’d be able to get her hands on a potion before it started, or she was potentially looking at suffering through it alone unless she asked Ron for help. Luna’s words were still circling through her head as she and Draco said goodnight and went off to bed.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for the lovely reviews! I'm so happy this is reaching people and being enjoyed!

This will likely be the last chapter for today, however I might try to get out one more.

The Beginning

Chapter Notes

Last chapter for the night! Hope everyone enjoys!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The day she should have taken her suppressant potion came and went, but aside from the stress of worrying she would automatically go into heat, Hermione felt nothing. She thanked Merlin for that and prayed that maybe she would get the next 3 months to wait for more potion before anything happened, there were finally some rumours that more was being produced and getting ready to be distributed.

But why would she be that lucky?

Due to their roles as Head Boy and Girl, she and Draco had made plans for if she became indisposed. He had packed a small bag in order to be ready to stay with Blaise in his room in Slytherin house, and they had made their list of topics to discuss with the prefects at the next meeting in case she was unable to make it.

She had planned to ask Ron to help, but as much as she did not want to, the fact that Cho had been told by a doctor that she could die had stuck with her and overruled her desire to avoid the awkwardness of asking. However, an unexpected development had occurred the week before...

XXX

“Where’s Ron?” Hermione asked Harry as she and Ginny came and sat down beside him in the library for their usual study session. Harry shrugged and looked towards the door.

“I couldn’t tell you, I haven’t seen him all day. Oh!” He reached into his bag and pulled out the paper that was the Marauder’s Map. “I forgot to even think to check this. I solemnly swear I am up to no good.” The map crawled across the paper and Harry unfolded it fully on the table. The three of them scanned every corner of it until Ginny pointed her finger at a corner of it.

“There he is, and he’s- oh my god! He’s with Luna!” They nearly hit heads trying to get a closer look, and sure enough, Ron and Luna’s names were practically on top of each other in what they determined was the Room of Requirements. “Ohhh... She was talking about

starting to feel symptoms of her heat coming on.” They all looked at each other and snickered until Madam Pince came and shushed them.

“Oh my god!” Hermione whispered in glee, though she was also screaming internally at the fact that this had the potential to screw with her plans to ask Ron for help.

Which, sure enough, it did. At the end of the week, Ron and Luna had come into the Great Hall for breakfast with matching claim bites. This of course resulted in happy cheers from all of their friends, and a talk with McGonagall to get them into a room, but Hermione had felt the grip of panic on her stomach as she realized that she was going to have to get through the heat on her own.

XXX

“Hermione? Are you listening to me?” Hermione blinked from where she had been starting to get drowsy while trying to get through her Potions homework. Ginny was snapping her fingers in front of her face while they sat on the bed in her and Harry’s room.

“No, sorry, I can’t focus anymore, I need to get some sleep.” Hermione closed up her books and was shoving them in her bag when she caught Ginny’s eyes following her. “What?”

“You’ve been... off today.” She replied slowly and then her eyes widened. “You don’t think your heat is starting?” Hermione shook her head.

“I don’t think so, I didn’t feel this way the last time. I think I have officially worked myself up so much that I’ve exhausted myself. I’m just going to get back to my room and sleep. Thankfully tomorrow is Saturday so I’m just going to spend the day in bed and getting myself prepared for whenever my heat does hit.”

“As happy as I obviously am for Ron and Luna, I’m sorry you are going to be going through this alone. I’m scared for you, Hermione.” With a sigh, Hermione reached over and wrapped her arms around her friend.

“It’s going to be fine, Ginny. I am going to be as prepared as possible. Suppressant potions may be in a shortage, but umm, other heat aids are not.” She gave a sheepish smile while Ginny laughed.

“Hey, whatever works hopefully. Let me know if you need anything. I suppose I can always get *Malfoy* to bring things up to you.”

“Don’t say it like that, Ginny. I swear on my life that he really seems to have made a change for the better and I wish you guys would be willing to give him a chance... I wish he would also show the change when around you guys but that’s a whole other thing. I’ve gotta go, I’ll talk to you later.” Hermione waved over her shoulder and exited the room, walking up the stairs that lead into the Gryffindor common room. Since Ginny and Harry were from the

same house, they had been given a room within the house. However, for couples like Ron and Luna who had come from different houses, a corridor had been changed from classrooms to bedrooms for those couples. It was kind of weird to see them all drifting away from where their initial friendship had started.

As she walked away from Gryffindor Tower, a strange feeling swept over her, nearly knocking her over. She stumbled against the wall, her hand going to her head, which caused her eyes to widen.

“Oh no, no, no, no.” She groaned, feeling the heat starting to seep out of her skin, and quickened her pace towards her dorm. She hastily pulled her wand out and tapped the stone, mumbled the password and shot up the stairs.

“Granger, what-“ Hermione stopped dead when she reached the top of the steps, her eyes zeroing in on Draco. He was lounging on the couch with a book, still pieces of his school uniform. He’d removed his outer robes and tie, leaving him in his shirt with half the buttons undone and his pants. She couldn’t stop staring at the pale, smooth skin that was exposed from his shirt, and when she took a deep breath to try and regain herself, she almost fell over.

His scent flooded her system with the smell of a forest in spring when everything was new and fresh. It drowned her and she felt the first roll of heat sweep through her body.

Alpha

Even as she fought to keep control of herself, her internal biology was quickly starting to take over.

“I-I gotta get you to your room,” Draco was slowly standing up, as if he was trying not to scare her. She watched his nostrils flare and knew he could smell the slick that was just barely starting to leak down her leg. “I’ll get you up there and then get out of here.” When he got closer and reached out his hand to help her, Hermione moaned as his scent enveloped her, and her rational brain shut down.

Alpha. Alpha. Need Alpha.

“Please, no, don’t leave me!” She begged as he got her arm around his shoulders and started for the stairs. She had never been so intoxicated by *a smell*. Even in her state, she couldn’t figure out why his was so much better than anything she knew.

“Granger, we talked about this.” Draco gritted out. “It’s not what you want, it’s just the heat talking. We’re going to get you situated in your room and I’m going to get out of here. I can go get Ginny for you if you need anything else, but I-I’ve gotta get out of here.” Hermione whimpered as she continued to inhale, unable to stop her.

Please your alpha. Alpha. Alpha needs to be pleased.

“Please, Malfoy- Draco. Please don’t go. *Alpha please.*” Through her haze, she heard Draco groan as they stepped into her room and he helped her get out of her outer robes and onto the bed.

“Don’t say that, Granger. For fucks sake, don’t say that.” Draco walked to the foot of her bed and opened her trunk. It was an awkward thing to do, but he pulled out the toys that she had bought just for this occasion. He also pulled out the bottles of water she had been stocking up on. “Listen, here’s the stuff you need. I’m putting the water right here.” He placed the toys beside her on the bed and the water on her night table. She was starting to squirm on the bed, her clothes itching at her skin and making the heat worse. She started to reach for the buttons of her shirt, but Draco stopped her. “Give me a second to get out the door.”

“Or you could just stay,” she practically purred as she continued to move her hands down the shirt, the buttons coming undone smoothly between her fingers. “Please... *Alpha.*”

Be a good girl. Please your alpha.

“Granger, you’re not thinking straight.” Draco’s voice was rough, and she could hear the rumbling coming from his chest as he fought instinct. “This is just biology talking. I’m not going to do something we may both come to regret - especially you. You don’t want me.”

“I do!” She pleaded, grabbing for him even as he backed away towards the door. “No, please! Please don’t leave me! Please I’ll do anything you want me to, just please, alpha don’t leave.”

“I-I gotta go, Granger.” Draco wouldn’t look at her as he reached around for the door. “If I stay we’re going to be in trouble and I- I can’t. Fuck me... Granger, I’m sorry.” With that he closed the door, leaving Hermione to attempt to handle whatever misery was about to take over her body.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry not sorry for the cliffhanger! Spoiler: I think you'll like the next chapter ;)

Taking It Away

Chapter Notes

Alright, the chapter you've been waiting for!

As I said this is my first time posting anything like this so please go easy on me!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The first day of her heat was bad, but nothing compared to the second. Nothing she did seemed to help take the edge off, and her skin burned. Finally standing in the cold shower, using the dildo and vibrator had soothed something, and she'd sat on the floor, taking deep breaths. If this was what it was going to take for her peaks to even remotely be subdued, she was in for the worst week of her life and would have no choice but to find an alpha - any alpha - to help her get through the next heat if she didn't have her stock of suppressants by then. Or she was going to drain the school of its water supply.

The worst of it was, even in these cooler moments, even without his scent around her, all Hermione could think about was Draco. The feeling that had taken over her was nothing like what had happened with Ron. Yes, she'd felt the draw to his alpha, the need to please, but even it hadn't taken over her body and mind the way it had with Draco. It unnerved her.

She fumbled for her wand on the ledge of the sink and accioed her self-writing quill and a piece of parchment. She had to talk with Ginny, this wasn't something she could keep to herself.

An hour later, after sending the little airplane note to her friend, one came zooming into the bedroom where she was withering on the bed, unable to stand being in the shower any longer and yet getting no relief in her current position either.

Hermione,

I don't know if this is what you want to hear or not, but it was similar for me and Harry. If you manage to get some relief and can stand to talk to him, I would get it sorted out as soon as possible.

Ginny

P.S. I won't tell the boys, they'd probably die.

It really wasn't what she wanted to hear, although a part of her must have known - obviously. The problem was, Draco had resisted. Was it possible for one to have that kind of reaction and another not? Weren't true mates or whatever he'd called it supposed to share that bond, that need for each other?

Maybe as much as he'd changed, blood status still meant something to him. Maybe, even if he'd felt something, he'd resisted on that principle alone.

There was one problem though. The more she thought about him, the worse her thoughts got until they became something else entirely. She could see his naked, smooth-skinned body hovering over her, his cock pounding into her while slick coating the lower halves of their bodies. What made it all worse was when she imagined his knot forming and locking them together, she had her first release that actually managed to bring her back down. She looked down at herself as she sucked in oxygen, down at the dildo which had been designed with a knot to simulate being with an alpha, and at her fingers now resting against her very sensitive clit.

"Fuck me..." She whimpered. As relieved as she was to have half her brain back on earth, it was also the part telling her that she was in deep hippogriff shit if she didn't at least try to talk to Draco. Problem was, it wasn't like she could talk to him during her heat since for one, he was staying in Slytherin house, and for two, being near him had a very high chance of setting off her heat again. So she resigned herself to handling this heat with nothing more than thoughts and then she would talk to him afterwards.

...

Later in the day while she was having a respite from the pain, Hermione made her way down to the common room to curl up by the fire and get away from her own room for a little while. She had opened the window to air it out but given that it was still early March, the air had also cooled the space down. The chill felt good on her overheated skin, but now her teeth were chattering.

Given that she and Draco had agreed that he wouldn't come back into their space until she'd notified him that her heat was over, she didn't think it would be an issue to be downstairs. Apparently, that was wrong though.

Just as she was about to sit down with a book, Draco came up the stairs, freezing when he saw her.

"I-I forgot one of my textbooks for class tomorrow." He was clearly trying not to breathe, and Hermione made the mistake of doing just that. The heat that had subsided started to crawl

back, and flashes of the fantasies that had been helping her through the afternoon came flooding in. The thought of having the real thing made slick drip down her thighs, which drew her attention to the fact that she was only wearing an oversized t-shirt. Her knickers and sleep pants had caused too much sensitivity to be even remotely comfortable to wear.

“Fuck the book, I’ll survive without it.” Draco started to back away, but Hermione stopped him as she scrambled up from the couch.

“No, Malfoy, please!” She was trying her hardest not to breathe in his scent too deeply, hoping to get through this conversation before another peak smashed into her. “Please, I- I can’t get through this by myself.” Admitting to it out loud was almost as painful as the heat itself. “I need an alpha or I’m going to run the school out of water. Please it just has to be this one time.”

“Granger, this has to be the heat talking,” Draco was still backing away to the door. “You don’t want me.”

“No, I do! I swear it’s me saying this-“ she suddenly doubled over when a wave of heat flooded her and a stab of pain jammed into her abdomen. “Ah! P-p- please! Please I need you! Alpha I need you!” Her vision was clouding as she felt her knees hit the floor. A second later, she felt cool hands touching her forehead.

“It’s okay, Granger.” Draco’s voice was rough, but something about it was clearing her sight. When she looked at him, his eyes were blown wide with lust, and his nostrils flared as he took in her scent. Seeing the impact she was having on him made more slick drip from her, and she knew if something didn’t happen soon, she was going to ruin the carpet. “Listen to me.” His tone had changed to something deep and commanding, Hermione’s omega recognized it as his alpha voice and refused to disobey. “Is this absolutely what you want? I’m not doing this without you being 100% sure.” Hermione nodded, pulling herself practically into his lap and breathing in his scent. It was the most intoxicating and yet calming thing she had smelt for seemingly forever.

“I’m sure,” she breathed and then moaned when his grip tightened. “Oh god, I’m so sure. Please, alpha.” She moved so she was close to his ear and nipped gently at it. “I need you.” Draco groaned and Hermione felt him lift her up and walked them back to her room. Cold air blasted them as he opened the door, almost cooling her heat off.

“Merlin, Granger. You trying to turn your room into an icebox?” He dropped her on the rumbled bed and went over to the window to shut it before pulling out his wand to cast a heating charm. When he turned back, Hermione had pulled off the shirt, leaving the full expanse of her skin exposed for him to see. His eyes roamed freely and it wasn’t hard for her to pick up on his arousal.

“I’m ready for you,” she purred as she moved to the end of the bed. A growl rumbled from Draco’s chest as he came to stand in front of her. He made quick work of getting his shirt off before pushing her back so that she was sprawled across the bed.

“I’m sure you are, but just to make sure,” he dove down and captured her lips in a bruising kiss, and Hermione moaned. She could feel her bottom half was slimy with slick and the kiss

wasn't doing anything to slow the flow down. The image of him pounding into her while they were both covered came to mind and she squirmed, skin heating to an almost painful point.

Must have alpha. Need his knot. You need your alpha's knot.

The mantra rolled through her head over and over while Draco removed his lips from hers and moved down her body.

"Look at you, omega," he purred at her and when she lifted her head, she saw he'd run a finger through the wetness of her left thigh. There was a gleam in his eyes as he looked up at her with a devilish smirk on his face. "You really are ready for me, aren't you?" Hermione bit her bottom lip and nodded. She wasn't at all prepared for him to dive down and give a broad lick to her folds, making a solid effort to clean the slick up but only making her main loudly and produce more.

The skill he had with his tongue alone was unfathomable, and soon she was chasing her release, riding it out on the fingers he'd inserted. It wasn't enough to bring her down fully, but she didn't feel as if her skin was going to peel off.

"Such a good girl," Draco commented as he stood up from the bed and removed the rest of his clothes. Hermione openly stared at his cock. It was clearly as ready as she was to get inside her, but before Draco could get back on top, Hermione moved like lightning to the end of the bed, grabbed it, and shoved it into her mouth. Draco's knees almost gave out as he grabbed hold of the bed post to keep himself standing.

"Fuck, Granger, that mouth of yours is good for something other than begging I see," he moaned deeply as she hummed around him, bobbing her head up and down while using the hand that wasn't bracing her up to move over the part her mouth didn't reach. "Alright, enough of that." There was an edge of the alpha tone in his voice as he pushed her back. "I can feel the heat coming off of you, we need to bring you down before you get hurt." Hermione didn't argue, instead, she scrambled back up the bed, dropping her head onto the pillows, watching as Draco followed until he was nestled between her legs, cock in hand and pointing at her entrance. He stopped just as the tip was starting to brush against her folds and looked up at her.

"One last time, Granger. Are you absolutely sure about this? You need to stop me now if you aren't because there's no going back once I've got my cock buried in you."

"Yes, yes I'm sure. I'm so sure, just please, don't wait any longer." Maybe the only part of her that was going to regret this was the one that hated how much she was begging for a dick, but at this moment it wasn't something she was concerned about.

Without another word, Draco eased himself in, unsure of her petite frame would be able to handle anything too rough right off the bat. However, the way her insides immediately moulded around him proved otherwise and they both moaned at the tightness and how good it felt. Draco stayed still for half a second before rolling his hips back and slamming into her, causing Hermione to practically scream for joy.

“Merlin fuck, Granger you’re so damn tight.” He dropped over her, pressing his lips to her again as he continued to roll and thrust, overjoyed with the little sounds she made every time.

“More, please Draco give me more,” she wasn’t aware of using his first name, but Draco was and something in him snapped. He pushed himself up and grabbed her hips, yanking her as close to him as possible before pounding into her as if both their lives depended on it.

It wasn’t long before Hermione felt his knot tugging at her entrance every time he pulled back, and the thought sent another wave of heat through her at the same time as a wave of release washing over her skin, cooling it down just a touch. But it wasn’t enough, the only thing that was going to break her peak was to have that knot buried deep inside her and his seed coating her insides. The image brought forth another wave of release, signalling the beginning of the end of this peak.

Draco sensed it too, the way her walls kept convulsing around him was making it hard to keep up the pace he had set, on top of the fact that it was getting more difficult to pull out each time as his knot continued to expand. He dropped down to lick and nip at her ear and gently around her neck, missing the spot that would mate them. He couldn’t do that to her, tying them together for life was not an option.

“You ready to take my knot, omega?” He breathed into her ear, and her moan in response was all he needed to force it back inside her, locking them together. Her walls convulsed in one last release, forcing his own to explode from him. All he could think about as he dropped on top of her was how good it felt to fill her.

She’s a good omega. Your omega took everything you gave her. Breed. Mark. Claim.

The thought process would have scared him if it wasn’t for the drowsiness that overtook his body and immediately sent him to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

There you go! Hope everyone enjoyed it!

Opening Up

Chapter Notes

I may have been half asleep writing the end of this chapter so I apologize if it seems wonky. Maybe a sign I need to take a break, but I'm having too much fun writing this so we shall see!

They only dozed for a few minutes that way before Hermione shoved at him to get off so she could breathe. Very carefully they manoeuvred themselves so that she was curled up with her back to his chest, his knot still locking them together for a while. Silence filled the space, but not an uncomfortable one. It was lazy and calm, and Hermione's omega side was practically vibrating with contentment. Her other side was starting to relive what had happened, and she groaned quietly when it filtered through the amount of begging she had done.

"What? Are you hurt? Is something wrong? You're not regretting this now are you?" The blurt of questions made her giggle and she looked up to see that Draco had pushed himself up from the bed to look at her. His hair was flopping over his forehead and into his eyes, and there was a rosy colour to his cheeks. Nothing about him right now reminded her of the boy she'd wished dead more times than she could count growing up.

"No, no I'm fine." She said, shifting slightly so she wasn't craning her neck backwards to look at him. She felt the colour rising to her cheeks that had nothing to do with her heat. "My brain just caught up with, umm, all that begging." Draco blinked at her and then smirked, lowering his head to press a kiss to the tip of her nose.

"Granger that was probably the sexiest thing I've ever heard in my life," he said softly, laying back down to pull her close and closing his eyes. "Get some rest, we've got some time before we are able to move and then I'm going to go find you some food. Here," he twisted to grab a bottle of water from the night table, "you need to drink. I suspect you're likely on the verge of dehydration from the lack of water I see gone." Hermione accepted the bottle gratefully and slowly downed half the bottle.

"I've barely had a moment to think about it," she admitted, holding the somewhat cool bottle to her forehead to ease the mild heat that she still felt. "I figured it was going to be tough without an alpha but... well I didn't think it was going to be like that. No wonder omegas die if they don't have someone or aren't on a potion." There was silence again, and she looked to see Draco staring at her. "Umm, thank you for this. I know we agreed to stay apart but I'm grateful you are willing to help me through this one." There was a pause before he nodded and then reached over to gently press his fingers against her eyelids, sliding them down.

"Sleep, Granger," he mumbled, and she smiled as she did just that.

...

When she woke up, her brain immediately flashed to the empty feeling and she thought for a moment it had all been a dream. However the lack of heat burning her skin and the woodsy scent in her room said otherwise, but Draco was nowhere to be seen.

Hermione stood up and slowly made her way to the washroom, afraid her legs weren't going to hold her up. Remembering the way he'd felt pounding into her made her smile, but thankfully didn't result in fluids gushing from her. The gratitude for the reprieve was unmeasurable as she sat on the toilet for a few moments, taking it all in.

Nothing about what had happened could even be compared to her experience with Ron. The overwhelming need to have him hadn't been the way it had with Draco. With Ron, it had been a need for an alpha, with Draco, well, it had been an explosive need for him. Plus when they had finished, although she'd felt better, she t felt relaxed. She currently felt very relaxed.

"Granger?" Draco's voice came from the bedroom and Hermione realized she'd been starting to fall asleep again.

"I'll be out in a minute," she called as she flushed the toilet and washed her hands before returning to the bedroom. Draco was sitting on the bed, dressed in a pair of lounge pants and a platter of food sitting beside him. He looked over at her and patted the bed beside him while eating grapes.

"Come, eat. Afterwards, we'll get you in the shower and cleaned up." Hermione ducked her head to hide a smile as she crawled up beside him and dove into the food, not realizing just how hungry she was until a piece of cheese hit her tongue.

"How's you get this?"

"Slytherin's do know where the kitchen is, Granger. Slow down before you choke." He swatted her hands away when she reached for more cheese. She glared at him but finished what was in her mouth before doing a slow, dramatic reach for more food, keeping her eyes on Draco as she did so. He raised an eyebrow but smirked and shook his head. "Fine, choke."

"I think choking on your cock would be fun," Hermione laughed when Draco did a spit take with the water he'd been about to swallow, coughing as he slammed his hand into his chest.

"Fuck, don't say things like that!" He sputtered, setting the water bottle back on the table.

"But that was funny," Hermione giggled, accepting the bottle Draco handed her. He shook his head again and they quietly worked through the platter.

"I think we need to discuss what's happened here," Hermione was surprised to hear Draco bring it up, as it was a topic that was floating around in her head but wasn't feeling like discussing it yet. She cleared her throat.

"Yeah, yeah we should." Tension sparked in the room and Draco shifted uncomfortably beside her.

"Okay, well umm, let's talk. I just want to make sure you are comfortable with this. I know this isn't what you wanted." Hermione was quiet, turning her water around in her hands.

"None of this is what I wanted - the omega stuff I mean," she quickly amended when she realized how bad that had sounded. "But, honestly, this isn't bad. Really it's great. I'm feeling okay right now, and if it wasn't for you I'd likely be burning from the inside out. I'd also be verging on starving and dehydration so that's a plus too." She gave him a small smile, which he returned. "Was there something else you wanted to talk about?" Draco tensed for a moment and Hermione could practically see the wheels in his brain working.

"No," he said after a moment. "No, I just wanted to check in now that you're not dealing with a peak. I'd have hated myself to have done that and it really not have been what you wanted. I umm, I know we obviously have a bloody horrible history and I realize there isn't anything I can do to change who I was back then, but I'm not that kid anymore. I still very much care for my parents, but with my father gone I've come to see how bad his influence was on me. Even mother has changed since he's been in prison."

"I know you've changed," Hermione said softly as she pulled a blanket up around her, "and I very much appreciated you checking in, but I promise this is what I want. I... it's always at the back of my mind the things we went through, but if I didn't believe people could truly change I'd have no faith in our world becoming a better place. Our issues from the past about blood status are of little concern for me now, you've made obvious changes - though you really should try to show it to Harry and Ron, they think I'm losing my marbles." Draco rolled his eyes, but gave her a slight nod, making her smile. But it faded as she continued, "My fear now is that this, this biological change is going to take its place. I mean, if suppressant potion issues continue, I'm always going to be at risk of going into heat which is going to be so detrimental for whatever career I choose. And not having a mate is going to make it even worse! At least with a mate, I'd be able to plan around my cycles, but right now..." She didn't know what else to say and was surprised when Draco's hand fell over hers that was worrying the blanket.

"Granger, if you're okay with it, I'll help you through until you find a mate or no longer have problems getting your potion. I'm not likely to find someone anytime soon with the way most people skirt around me for my family's part in the war, and honestly, being around you has become very enjoyable - not just the sex which I've gotta say was pretty great - but I think you're really the first girl I've been around that challenges me to think. Seems like I always attract the dumb ones." Hermione smiled and squeezed his hand.

"Thank you... Draco." They looked at each other for a moment before she gave him a tentative smile. "I think we should be on a first-name basis now, I mean we're about to have a long week together." Draco chuckled and nodded.

“Yeah, you’re right... Hermione. Bloody hell that does feel weird though. Hermione?” As soon as he’d said her name, heat flushed through her body, and they both drew in a deep breath when her own scent filled the room, quickly followed by his own. “So much for a shower.”

...

It hit her so suddenly, that Hermione groaned in pain as wave after wave of heat crashed into her. She was only vaguely aware of Draco clearing the platter from the bed and coming back to her, pulling at the shirt she had put on before going to the bathroom. He was saying something and it took everything for her to pull her brain out of the haze to focus on him

“Hermione? Hermione, are you listening to me?” She managed a slight nod before dropping her head back to the pillow, moaning as slick leaked from her and need crowded out all other thoughts.

Need your alpha.

It was relentless as she reached up for him, tugging him closer, enveloping herself in his scent which was so comforting she thought she could almost get through this week on it alone.

Almost.

“Bloody fucking hell,” Draco was cursing and trying to get his pants off with Hermione clinging to him, her sweet scent like the world after a rainstorm driving his senses crazy, his body ready to give her whatever she needed. But it was an impossible thing to do *with clothes on*. He stopped struggling against her need to hold onto him, turned towards her and lowered his head to her ear.

“Be a good omega and let me get my pants off,” his alpha tone rumbled from his chest, and it was thrilled when it made her back off a touch, just long enough for him to get out of his pants and then push her back down onto the bed. “Good girl.” The praise sent shivers through both of them, but Hermione’s reaction was also to reach down and grab his cock. Without any prep or warning, she shifted herself so that she was fully seated on him, leaving both of them gasping. In any other situation, the tightness would have likely been painful, and Hermione was sure she would feel it when they were done, but right now it was the best thing she had ever experienced.

“Alpha,” she breathed, letting her body so lax and submitting. Underneath the painful heat was now a simmering feeling of safety and comfort. Her omega was obviously happy with the situation.

“I’m here, omega.” Draco brushed his nose across the spot on her neck where the alpha in him wanted to bite her, claiming her for himself. It took every sane part of his brain to resist. “I’m going to get you through this.” Hermione nodded and before she had the chance to say

anything else, Draco was flipping her onto her stomach and hauling her to her hands and knees. The new position put his cock at a new, deeper angle and pleasure swirled through her body.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned, hands gripping the sheets as Draco started to move. “Yes, Draco, oh Merlin that’s good.” She started to push back against him, meeting his thrusts. It drove him deeper still and she couldn’t help but move fast, working herself towards a wonderfully relieving orgasm that shook her from head to toe.

“Oh fuck, Hermione!” Draco put an arm around her waist, pulling her up so her back was pressed into his chest and he used his other hand to press against her lower stomach. His long fingers brushed against her clit and when she gasped, he grinned wickedly against her neck. “Does that feel good, baby?” When he did it again with a little more pressure and purpose, she moaned and nodded, rocking between his hand and his cock. “Hmmm, that’s it. Fuck, yes just like that.” His knot was starting to grow again, and each time she rocked back, it was a little harder for her to pull away. Draco leaned them forward and gave one last shove before he couldn’t pull out again. A flick of his finger against her clit and Hermione was tumbling over the end, bringing Draco with her into a state of total bliss.

Her last thought before falling into a light sleep was how much she was going to miss this when her heat was over.

End of the Week

Chapter Notes

I'm so glad there are so many of you enjoying this!

I don't know if things will slow down or not in the coming days as I know where I want the story to go, I just need to figure out how to get there. If I can keep up the pace I have been I might only be a few days from getting this story finished!

By the time Hermione's heat was coming to an end, there was a different kind of tension between her and Draco. It was the kind of tension that came with words being left unspoken, and she suspected she knew exactly what it was they weren't saying. But both of them were too stubborn to start the conversation. Though for Hermione, not bringing it up was also a fear that he wasn't feeling the same as she was, that he was just being nice and a good friend by offering to help her through any future heats if need be. Or that he just wanted to make sure he had someone to have sex with since they'd discussed one night between heats doing a friends-with-benefits situation because neither could deny the chemistry between them. It hadn't mattered if they'd gotten 20 minutes or an hour between her heats to rest, they had yet to grow tired of being with each other.

But even knowing all this, and assuming Draco felt the same, the thought that maybe he didn't was too awful for her to consider.

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The final night of her heat came, and although she'd surprisingly enjoyed it, she was beyond exhausted. Thankfully it was Friday night so they were planning to spend the weekend recuperating. Currently, they were sitting by the fire having a supper of roast chicken and potatoes that had been brought to them by a couple of house elves. Hermione had never felt so much peace in her life as she sat there in one of Draco's shirts and nothing else. Looking back at the week they'd had, she couldn't have been more grateful that Draco had forgotten his textbook.

"I'm going to go speak with our professors tomorrow and see if I can get some of what we missed. I know they've put rules in place that heats aren't going to impact anyone handling one, but I figured you'd want to run through things to get caught up."

‘Yes, thank you, I’d hate to be too far behind,’ Hermione set her place down on the tray and relaxed back against the arm of the couch with a heavy sigh. ‘I think that was the best meal I have ever had.’ Draco snorted as he repeated her actions, pulling her foot up onto his lap and absently rubbing it.

‘Definitely the best meal we’ve had this week - well, food meal anyway.’ He glanced at her with a smirk and Hermione felt heat rise to her cheeks, both a mix of embarrassment - though she wasn’t sure why - as well as the stirrings of another peak. It just made Draco laugh. ‘Gotcha.’

‘You did not! Another peak is coming on!’ Hermione deflected, refusing to admit that after everything that had happened between them, an innuendo was going to make her blush.

‘Do you want to head up to bed?’ They had moved into Draco’s room to give the house elves a chance to clean up Hermione’s only to discover that Draco had a thing for seeing her wrapped up in his Slytherin green sheets.

‘I think I’m fine for now, it’d be great if supper settled before it hits me too hard.’ Draco nodded and silence curled around them. Snow was falling outside, sticking to the window and slowly melting away as it hit the warm glass.

‘I’ve, umm,’ Draco clearing his throat pulled Hermione’s attention away from the scene outside. ‘I’ve enjoyed this week, not you being in pain most of the time, but this. The talking without dealing with other people and worrying about others’ opinions has been very refreshing.’ Hermione smiled, pushing away the blanket she’d draped over herself and undoing a few of the buttons on Draco’s shirt.

‘It has been. I know I haven’t been dealing with the same kind of scrutiny you have, but Ron, Harry and I frequently can’t go out without being surrounded by the press. I’ve always taken pride in my privacy so it’s been a hard thing to deal with, especially once they found out I’d presented as an omega and Ron an alpha, we were hounded for weeks before Ron finally told them to shove off or they’d regret it.’

‘I can’t imagine that would’ve been easy. Someone in the archives must have leaked it.’ Hermione nodded, having thought the same thing at the time.

Kingsley Shacklebolt - the new Minister of Magic - had wanted to keep track of how many people were presenting, as well as to see if there was any kind of pattern to it. However, it wasn’t something that had been handed out, which left someone from within the Ministry being the one to give the information to the press.

‘I barely even noticed a change when it happened,’ Draco started, still rubbing Hermione’s feet in slow circles, but she noticed he was watching her, likely looking for her tells that sitting around had to come to an end. ‘It wasn’t until I happened to pass an omega on the street one day that I noticed I could pick up on her scent. It was a bloody unnerving experience honestly, I almost stepped out into traffic.’ Hermione’s eyes widened in shock and then giggled.

“I can picture your expression,” she said and then squirmed, which had Draco standing up and grabbing her hand.

“Alright, my little omega,” his tone was low and soft. He knew she hated it when a peak interrupted a conversation and had learned that doing anything too quickly just irritated her, which tended to make the heat worse that round. “Let’s go lay in bed, it’s more comfortable than this couch anyway.” Hermione knew what he was doing, but didn’t fight it as he pulled her up and they started for the stairs. She felt the heat pooling low in her abdomen and spreading out across her skin, however it wasn’t the same feeling of being burned alive the way the others had, this time it was like sitting in a too hot, hot tub.

“I think this might be the last one,” she said as they walked into the room and she moved to the bed while Draco grabbed some water from his trunk where he’d stashed it.

“It’s about the time you came back last Friday so that would make sense, last years tend to be within an hour or two of the first one of a cycle.” When he closed the trunk, the sight before him made his heart lodge in his throat.

Hermione was standing beside the bed, picking up the pillows, fluffing them, setting them down, and repeating on another. He watched as she pushed them around the head of the bed, and when she was happy with them, started pulling the blankets around. It was only once she was done that she saw Draco watching her and she clued in to what she had been doing. She slapped her hands to her mouth.

They stood staring at each other for a long moment, unable to say anything, honestly, neither of them knew what to say. She’d obviously been nesting, trying to get the space ready for them, but this was the first time it had happened all week. It was common knowledge that it was only something an omega did for a mate.

“I-I couldn’t-“ her sentence was cut off by a harsh flair of heat burning through her, doubling her over. Draco was by her side, pulling his shirt off her body and getting her up onto the bed in an instant. His hands brushed across her body, sending shivers through Hermione’s body.

“Hope you’re ready for this, Hermione. Gonna blow your mind this time.”

“Draco you’ve already done that-“ she moaned when his tongue touched her clit and fingers pushed into her, swirling and twisting and somehow managed to send her into an intense orgasm just moments into the peak. But rather than stopping, he kept going although added using his other hand to tweak one of her nipples.

“A-alpha, please! Oh fuck, please I-I can’t-“ her body spasmed as another release rolled through her, this time her eyes nearly went to the back of her head.

Finally, Draco came up, licking his lips and looking as smug as ever.

“Still think I can’t blow your mind, omega?” He questioned, standing back to pull off his lounge pants.

“I will never question you again, alpha.” She breathed, moving further up to nestle into the mountain of pillows.

“Good girl,” he praised, crawling up up her body, pressing his weight down. Their lips pressed together in a blazing kiss while hands roamed freely, pressing and grabbing in an almost desperate way. “Alright, ‘Mione, my perfect little omega, I hope you’re ready for this.” He shifted, angling his hips and drove his dick into her with one thrust.

There was something different about this time as if time was moving differently and everything was slower. They moved together differently, kissed differently, held on differently as Draco’s knot filled her and locked them together. They worked through their releases together, wrapped in each other’s arms, kissing and moaning the other’s name as they collapsed.

Denial

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After they had regained their regular breathing patterns and cuddled in silence while Draco's knot went down, they remained in bed, wrapped around each other.

"You did a good job," Draco commented and Hermione looked over at him, prying her eyes away from the snow-covered window. She raised an eyebrow and he waved a hand around at the bed. "With, well, getting the bed ready for us." Her cheeks flushed, even though her brain was fully hers again, her omega dormant until her next heat.

"Yes well, umm, we'd made such a mess of it last time I thought it could use a straightening up." She didn't want to meet his eyes, afraid of what her own might give away, but Draco's long fingers wrapped around her chin and guided her head up towards his.

"Don't worry about it, okay?" He said softly. "I mean, instincts, right? It's been a whirlwind week, considering it was your first heat since your presentation one, you thought it was going to be one you'd have to handle alone, and then, well, we happened to get you through it. Honestly, I thought it was nice that you felt comfortable enough with me to do it, so thank you." Hermione gave him a little smile, refusing to admit to even herself that it was more than that - although he wasn't wrong, this had been a crazy week, and it was definitely something she could brush off as just being a comfort thing.

For now at least.

"Let's get you into the shower. I'll strip the bed down and put new sheets on for the night."

"You can make a bed?" Hermione asked mockingly, to which Draco lightly slapped a pillow across her head.

"Yes I can make a bed," he replied. "I came from a rich family, not an incompetent one." Hermione laughed and slowly started to make her way to Draco's bathroom, with his help as far as the door. "If you need anything just call." Hermione nodded as he passed her a towel from the stack that the house elves had left for them and then got into the shower, breathing a sigh of relief as the hot water and steam worked its way into her sore muscles, relaxing them to the point she thought of collapsing on the tub floor. But a clear bed was calling her name, so she dried herself off and reentered the bedroom where Draco was fiddling with his wand in a chair by the window. He looked up when she came out wrapped in the towel, hair a mess of wet curls.

"I thought you might like to sleep in pyjamas tonight," he said, pointing to a sleep top and shorts at the end of the bed, along with a pair of knickers. "I hope you don't mind me getting them for you."

“No, thank you, I don’t think my legs could’ve made it down the stairs and back up to my own room.” She smiled as she dropped the towel and got dressed, halfway through pulling the shorts up her legs, she noticed Draco still sitting in the chair watching her. “Are you okay?” He seemed to snap out of a trance.

“Yeah, I’m good,” he cleared his throat and stood up, only wearing a pair of boxer shorts. “I’ll be out in a few minutes.” He grabbed another towel and walked into the washroom. Hermione heard the water start as she got into the bed and dropped her head to the pillows.

At some point she drifted off to sleep, waking when Draco came back out, towel around his waist and started to dig through his trunk for a new pair of boxers and sleep pants. It was then that Hermione realized she was still in his bed, even though they no longer needed to stay together to deal with her heat.

“I think I’m going to go, you’re probably sick of me taking up your bed.” She started to stand, but Draco put a hand on her shoulder and pushed her back into bed.

“Don’t worry about it tonight, I’d hate to risk you losing your balance or something on the stairs all because of wanting a little more room. You haven’t really had an impact on that anyway, I’ve never been much of a sleep mover. Let’s just hope we’re both too tired for nightmares.” Hermione’s head shot around to him as he got into the bed beside her.

“You... you have nightmares too?” Draco nodded, laying on his side to face her, eyelids heavy.

“Yeah, this week has been good for that too. My mind hasn’t had the chance to remind me of the terrors of the war, apparently the same goes for you. I suspect we’ll get away with it tonight, but they’ll likely be back this week. Now lay down and go to sleep, if you’re up for it we can actually leave and remind ourselves that there are other people and things to do in this castle.” Hermione smiled and laid down, facing Draco who was practically asleep already. Without realizing it, her hand rested overtop of his on the bed between them as she drifted off to sleep.

...

They stayed in their room for the rest of the weekend, still too tired to be interested in being around their friends. For the most part, they ate and slept, sometimes together, sometimes in their own rooms. Although Hermione found it odd to not wake up beside him, she had missed having a bed to herself. Remembering the reason she had needed to share was becoming more and more stress-inducing. The thought of the suppressant shortage continuing and therefore she would be going through this again in 3 months was not helping her focus on the little bit of work that their teachers had sent back to the room when Draco had gone out.

He told her that Professor McGonagall had explained that anything they had missed would not be considered for part of their final grades, so it was their decision to do the work or not.

However, she did agree that it was wise to catch up on the reading at the very least. So when they weren't sleeping, they had set themselves up on the floor of the common room with pillows and blankets and were going through the chapters.

"This. Is. Painful." Draco said as he rubbed his eyes and pushed away his history textbook. "It was bad enough reading parts of it, but now it's just killing my brain cells," Hermione smirked, but she couldn't disagree, she was having the same problem with Astronomy. Although the class was enjoyable, it didn't make reading the long pages about stars any less painful.

"I think I'm ready for a break," she concluded after reading the same paragraph for the 3rd time. She pushed the book aside and fell over to rest her head on a pillow, pulling a blanket up around her shoulders. She heard Draco chuckle and then felt him move behind her, curling an arm around her waist and pulling her closer before they both drifted into sleep.

...

Hermione almost dreaded going back to classes when the weekend came to an end. It meant that she had to face the reality of her situation - not only was her schooling going to be impacted by a lack of potion access but that she and Draco moved in different circles and therefore she wouldn't get to talk with him until they were back here tonight.

"Ready to go?" Draco asked as she came down the stairs. Hermione nodded as she grabbed her bag from the desk and they headed out. As they came around the corner of the corridor where their door was, Ginny was leaning against the wall, waiting for Hermione.

"It feels like forever since I saw you!" She practically jumped at her for a hug. "The boys are so painful to deal with alone, I don't know how you did it all those years." She turned to Draco and gave him a once over, which resulted in him raising an eyebrow at her. "Malfoy."

"Weasley," he replied, no hint of snark in his tone before he turned to face Hermione. "I'll see you later." He walked off with a short wave over his shoulder. Once he was gone, Ginny whipped around and seemed to be trying to stare into Hermione's soul.

"Details! I need all the details! One day I'm getting a letter looking for advice on what to do, and then I'm getting one simply stating he's helping me get through ! Had I not known what was going on I likely would have come barging in there to demand answers." Hermione laughed as they started walking and told Ginny everything, lowering her voice whenever others were around.

"I just don't know what to make of it, Ginny." She said as they stopped outside the Great Hall. She wasn't ready for the boys to be aware of anything, and Ginny had sworn not to tell them and let them assume she had gotten through it herself.

"I do," Ginny all but squeal. "How did you guys not end up mated?!" Hermione slapped her hand over her friend's mouth.

"For Merlin's sake! Say it a little louder next time, Ginny!" Ginny pushed her hand away.

"Well, I'm serious! You started to nest, Hermione. Nest! In his bed! It's not even like you were doing it in your own space, which could possibly be seen as just cleaning up I suppose, but-" Hermione groaned and grabbed her arm, dragging her into the hall and away from the conversation. She couldn't stop her eyes from wandering over to the Slytherin table where Draco was eating with Blaise. The two of them seemed deep in conversation, and Draco appeared agitated by whatever Blaise was saying, running his hand back through his hair and over his face. Just as he started to look in her direction, Hermione snapped her eyes to the Gryffindor table.

...

It was a month later that some suppressant potion started to come to the hospital wing in any quantity that would allow for Madame Pomfrey to hand out more than one bottle to students. Hermione was quick to get herself enough to make it through her next heat. She and Draco, although closer than before, had been avoiding the subject of what had happened ever since they walked out of the room and life went back to classes and homework. Which lead Hermione to assume that he didn't feel the same way and was likely going to remove his offer to help her in the future. So she wasn't going to risk it by not getting enough potion.

Ginny thought they were both being idiotic, although she could only say so with glances when they were around the others. Ron and Harry still didn't know how she had gotten through her heat, and although they'd had a handful of interactions with Draco that had been civil enough, their dislike seemed to run far deeper than hers had.

Ginny didn't care anymore, seeing as how it was obvious that Hermione had found her true mate and was now in denial about it. She'd also been keeping an eye on Malfoy, and on more than one occasion had caught him watching Hermione during meals and in the library. He also seemed to find a lot of reasons to come speak to her during breaks, always using the excuse of Head of students business. It was almost painfully obvious they, at the very least, liked each other - to her and Luna anyway, Ron and Harry were as in the dark as ever - and that they were just being stubborn to protect their pride.

...

It was announced in April that there would be a ball the following month to celebrate the coming end of the school year, as well as to celebrate those who would be graduating. Girls

started forming groups in the hallways, giggling and talking about going dress shopping, while the boys gave them a wide birth and kept their heads down. Even those who had a mate and didn't have to worry about going through another round of Yule Ball hormones were attempting to sneak around without being noticed. Hermione found it amusing, as she and Draco, given their single status, had been asked to attend together. McGonagall felt that with them being from the houses with the most rivalry, and that things had turned out well between them, it would set a good example for everyone to see that things in the wizarding world were changing for the better. She was thankful she didn't have to go through all that mess again. Although Victor had been a wonderful date at the time, they really hadn't been compatible.

"I think this will be a great chance for the two of you to finally talk," Ginny said as she, Hermione, and Luna wandered through Hogsmeade, heading for the dress shop. It was likely going to be packed with other girls shopping, but they'd left it to the last minute and just wanted to get it over with.

"I think the opposite," Hermione said as they opened the door. "I think this is going to be a fun night for us as friends. I don't want to mess it up with having a talk about feelings."

"I always knew the two of you were stubborn, but it's a time watching the two of you skirt around each other." Luna piqued in as they browsed the racks. "Oh! Do you think Ron would like this one?" She pulled a midnight blue, strapless dress with a slit up one side from the rack.

"I think you could go in a paper bag and he'd be happy as could be," Hermione said with a smile. Luna and Ron were such an oddly perfect couple and it made her beyond happy to see one of her best friends as happy as he was now. She was also grateful that neither of them had felt the need to hang onto feelings for each other when it was clear the connection hadn't been there the way they had thought.

She wandered away as Ginny and Luna talked about their mates, browsing the racks further back in the store. She was surprised at how few people were inside, though she supposed the girls that had really cared had gotten their dresses weeks ago. She moved a couple of dresses apart and nearly gasped as one stood out from the others. A deep green, silky dress hung among a collection of reds. The one strap was crinkled and the fabric folded in the front but looked as if it would part with every step the wearer took.

"Oh, Hermione you would look stunning in that!" She jumped a little when Ginny and Luna came up behind her. "And Draco is going to drool for you in it too!"

"I'm not picking a dress for Draco, I'm going to pick something for me." But she couldn't stop herself from picturing his reaction or touching the smooth fabric. For curiosity's sake, she checked the tag and groaned. Of course, it was her size.

"You can't leave this here," Ginny reached around and took the dress off the rack. "This was here for you, I mean look at where it is! A green dress among a bunch of reds, isn't that a sign or something? Now let's go find you some shoes, and maybe some accessories to go with it." Hermione let her friends drag her around the store, unable to find it in herself to argue.



Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: The dress is not my image found on Google while looking for inspiration and really wanted to share it!

Almost There

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The butterflies started to take over Hermione's stomach the week before the ball. She'd hung her dress from the back of her bedroom door and found herself staring at it before forcing herself to go to sleep. It was a beautiful dress, but she'd never worn anything like it before and now she wondered if she had bought it to please Draco. Had she really gone that low? Why should she worry about pleasing a man who hadn't really shown any sign of interest in her? Outside of sex obviously.

According to Ginny and Luna though, he had shown signs, subtle ones, but signs nonetheless. It wasn't like she could ask Ron and Harry if they'd picked up anything from him. As far as they were concerned, Hermione and Draco had moved into a friendship stage but that was it. She was too nervous that they would have a reaction like they did to Victor, and given the extensive history between all of them, she figured it would end far worse.

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The night finally came and Hermione stood in front of her mirror, processing her own feelings about seeing herself in the dress. It hugged her waist and showed off the spray of freckles across her shoulders. When she moved, the slit revealed her leg from the mid-thigh down and she was more surprised than she probably should have been at how well the colour complimented her skin tone. She'd done her hair the same way as she'd had it at the Yule Ball and carefully applied her makeup. With it being something she didn't wear often it had taken her far longer than she'd anticipated, but now she couldn't help but smile at her reflection. She could honestly say she felt beautiful.

She sat down on the edge of her bed and grabbed the silver strappy heels Ginny had picked out. She couldn't help but think that she was looked like she had decked herself out in Slytherin colours. Something she suspected Ginny had done on purpose.

"Hermione, are you done yet? I know girls take forever to get ready for these things but Merlin's sake!"

"I'm coming, keep your pants on!"

"You know you don't want that," Draco's response travelled up to her as she closed her bedroom door, making her roll her eyes but smile. "You know, my whole life I've been around women going to fancy parties and waiting for said women to get ready for said parties and I—" Hermione stood on the bottom step, nervously fiddling with the gold bracelet her mother had given her for her 16th birthday. "Fuck, Hermione, you look... bloody hell you

look gorgeous.” She lifted her gaze from the floor to look at Draco and drew in a deep breath. He looked so handsome in a tailored black suit, his hair combed and gelled enough to keep it from falling in his face.

“Thanks, you look very handsome. I like the tie,” she smiled as he looked down at it as if he’d forgotten what he was wearing, running his hand over the red tie to smooth out the invisible wrinkles.

“Uh, yes thank you. Hell ‘Mione,” the way he said her name like that sent the butterflies twirling around in her stomach again. “I-I can’t do this anymore.” Hermione’s eyes went wide, fear overruling the nerves. However, suddenly having Draco’s lips on hers wasn’t what she had been expecting.

She gasped, which gave him the opportunity to slide his tongue into her mouth, gliding it across her own. There was nothing she could do but relax into him, until she remembered why they were dressed up.

“Draco!” She pulled away, pushing against his chest. “We- we need to get down to the hall! We’re supposed to be the first to walk in, they’re going to be waiting for us.” Draco pulled away with a huff, running his hands through his hair, tussling it out of its neat style.

“Okay, well, I’m not going down there until I say something, because if I don’t say it now, I’m likely to rip that dress off of you when it’s a very inappropriate time to do so... so,” he took a deep breath and looked up at her. “I’ve been fighting to stop myself from going against the agreement we made. That we were going to be friends and I would help you through your heats if you had issues with your suppressant or hadn’t found a mate, but I can’t do it anymore.” Hermione sucked in a deep breath, feeling as if the absolute worst case scenario was unfolding before her. Why was he doing this right before they had to walk in front of the entire school?! “I don’t want to help you through a heat for any other reason than... than helping my mate through her heat.” The tears that had been welling up in her eyes froze, and Hermione was concerned that her eyes might pop out of her head.

“Sorry... what did you just say?” There was no way she’d heard him right, but his face was flushed as if he’d said something that was now embarrassing him. He snorted out a breath and turned away before turning back to her.

“I said... I said I want to be your mate. I tried to ignore how we connected during your heat because after everything I’ve done to you in the past how could we have a connection, but between the feeling during sex and the way we talked, I just can’t stop thinking about it. Hermione, I want to be with you, and I know it’s maybe too much for you to want to deal with right now but-“

“Yes!” Hermione interrupted, moving to stand in front of him, taking a hold of the lapels of his suit jacket. He looked surprised by her appearance and her response. “I mean, yes I’d like to give us a try at least, maybe see later about the actual mating thing but, yes.” Draco breathed a sigh of relief and wrapped his arms around her.

“I can live with that,” he whispered against her hair, kissing the top of it before pulling away. “Alright, we need to get going, we’re likely already late.” Hermione smiled as he took her

hand and they proceeded down to the hall.

“There you are,” Professor McGonagall swept towards them but came to a stop when she saw their joined hands, a smile playing across her lips. “I see. Well, get up there in front of the others. You know the music that will signal you to come in?” They both nodded and she motioned for them to take their place.

All eyes were on them as they walked towards the front of their classmates, arms linked. The giddy feeling dulled a little as Hermione realized that coming down already holding hands was likely going to create quite the buzz throughout the school. She caught Ginny’s eyes and was not at all surprised to see the know-it-all smirk on her face, a smile on Luna’s, and identical looks of shock on Ron and Harry.

“Scandalous, aren’t we?” Draco whispered in her ear as she stood in front of the Great Hall doors.

“Apparently so,” she gasped and touched her lips. “You didn’t ruin my makeup did you?” Draco chuckled and squeezed her arm as the doors opened and music flooded out.

“No, Hermione, you look perfect.”

...

The hall had been beautifully decorated, steamers of the house colours hung along the walls and silver globes with candles inside floated above them. It felt like a fairytale, and Hermione found herself fully enjoying the evening, even when Ron and Harry tried to corner her over the entrance she made with Draco. She had told them that they could talk tomorrow, but she wouldn’t let them ruin the night the way they had at their last ball. Mentioning the Yule Ball had shut them up and so far they had been as civil as could be expected given their surprise and the situation.

Now the evening was slowly coming to a close. A good portion of the student body was still in the hall, but most were sitting around talking. Draco had all but refused to let her go, and while they swayed slowly to the music, Hermione leaned against his chest, smiling wide.

It was then that something changed. A slight heat was rising to her cheeks even though the hall had been a comfortable temperature all night. Shit.

“Hermione...” Draco’s voice came from close to her ear, a rumbling noise coming up from in his chest. “Fuck, Hermione I thought you were taking the potion.”

“I- I am. I don’t know what’s happening, I just took it yesterday. Oh... Draco I think...”

“Yeah, yeah let’s go,” there was a new note in his tone, an aggressive one and when Hermione looked around, she noticed a few of the boys she knew to be alphas watching her.

There was a strange mix of smells going on, overwhelming her sense and making her feel uncomfortable. She had a tight hold on Draco as they moved out of the hall.

“Hermione? Are you okay?” Ginny’s voice came after them and although Hermione would have stopped for her, Draco refused. “Oh, oh Hermione I thought you were on - did you guys mate already?!”

“No!” Hermione said as Ginny caught up to them. “No we didn’t, I don’t know what’s happening. I took my suppressant yesterday. Draco what are you doing?!”

“There are other alphas coming, sorry Weasley, you’ll have to talk to her later.” Ginny stopped following.

“Alright, well, take care of her!” She called before turning back to the hall.

“Always.” Draco said before pulling her towards their dorm. By the time they got there, Hermione was feeling as if she was standing in a fire, and her brain was at war with itself; the omega side was dying for an alpha, the human side was freaking out.

“This is too early! I took my potion, and we haven’t mated so there’s no reason this should be happening! What the fuck is happening to me?” She was in a panic as Draco lead them up the stairs to his room. Once inside, he waved his wand and their clothes disappeared.

“Hermione, it doesn’t matter right now, all that matters is getting you through this. Come on, baby. Omega,” his alpha tone worked its way into her brain, soothing her and bringing her breathing back down. “There you go. Now, let’s get you into bed and we’ll get this handled. One peak at a time.” Hermione nodded and leaned against him when he came up behind her, long fingers skating down from her breast to her core where they started moving in slow circles around her clit. She gasped and bucked her hips against him, drawing out a groan and sending a gush of slick down her legs.

“Look at you, omega. Getting so wet just from a little touch. How wet are you going to be when I start filling you up with my cock?” Hermione whimpered.

“As wet as you want me to be, alpha. Please fill me, I know it’ll make me feel so much better.” Draco moved them towards the bed, but before Hermione could climb up, he simply bent her over, held her hips and nudged his way into her until she had taken every inch of him.

The feeling was mind blowing, the tightness and the heat, but the connection they felt once they were joined was beyond description. Everything they’d ever gone through before now didn’t matter, what did was that their biological sides met as if they’d always known they were meant for each other. Hermione felt her omega relax under the weight of Draco’s alpha as he pushed himself as deep as possible. She didn’t think he could go any further until he manoeuvred one of her legs to be bent up beside her on the bed, and the new position resulted in him hitting her pleasure spot. Almost instantly, she was clenching and moaning, bucking her hips back against him through her release. Draco leaned over and started to nip at her, trailing bites and kisses along her spine and across the back of her neck. The sensation

triggered a new mantra through Hermione's brain, one that she started to vocalize without realizing.

"Claim me, alpha. Please claim me, bite me, make me yours. Please claim me." Her cheek was pressed into the bed, leaving her neck exposed to where he would need to bite in order to connect them for the rest of their lives.

"Hermione, don't say that." Draco growled out, even as he kept thrusting into her, his knot expanding, and grazed his teeth over her neck. It sent shivers down her spine and left her begging. "No, no, I can't- not right now, not this time." He was saying it more to himself than to her, because it was her peak making her beg, she had little idea what she was saying. However, his alpha wanted nothing more than to heed her request and make her his omega for life. But he didn't want it this way, he wanted to make sure it was what she truly wanted, not something her biology was demanding of her to want.

Draco shoved the thoughts away by picking up the pace of his thrusts, reaching around to rub her clit as his knot locked them together. Hermione shivered through another release, her inner walls squeezing Draco until he moaned her name, coating her insides

Chapter End Notes

They're getting there!

Thank you to everyone for the love towards this story! I'm very much enjoying writing it and seeing others enjoy it as well!

New Discoveries

Hermione hadn't realized she'd gone to sleep within minutes of her peak ending until she opened her eyes and daylight was streaming through the window. She rolled over in time to see Draco coming out of his bathroom, a towel around his waist while he dried his hair with another. When he saw her watching him, he smirked, dropped the towel in his hands onto the trunk and walked over to sit beside her on the bed.

"I must have been exceptionally good last night to have gotten you through until now," Hermione rolled her eyes and sat up before suddenly realizing something. She looked up at Draco in shock.

"I feel fine..." She said slowly, which caused Draco to raise an eyebrow.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I don't feel any kind of heat. It's like it never happened." Draco tilted his head, looking more confused than ever.

"But... you were definitely in heat last night. Half the alphas in the school could sense it, I thought I was going to have to jinx a few of them who started to follow us. How can it just be over?" Hermione shook her head and curled her legs up to her chest. She had no idea what was happening, and there was so little information about their dynamics in humans that she wasn't even sure she'd be able to find an answer.

"I don't know. All I do know is that I'm still exhausted like I was in heat. I think I'm just going to stay in bed today, maybe find a book." Hermione started to lay back down but Draco stopped her.

"You need to go get cleaned up. I've left a clean towel in the bathroom for you." She sighed, knowing he was right but not wanting to move was warring with her need to be clean. As she was making her way to the bathroom, something she had said during her heat clicked and her face went red. She turned back around to face Draco who was digging through his clothes.

"I, umm, want to say thank you." Draco looked up at her as he pulled out a pair of pants from his trunk. "I know I said some things during that heat that could have resulted in us being mated now, so thank you for showing more self-control than I did." Draco looked at her for a moment before nodding and sitting on the edge of the bed to pull on his pants.

"Yeah, no problem," his gruff reply had Hermione walking back over to sit beside him, she was just about to ask what was wrong when Draco gave her the answer. "Listen, Hermione. I know I said I could handle waiting for us to spend some more time together before we make a decision to actually mate or not, but that's not going to happen if you say things like that every time. I barely had control over myself this time." Hermione looked down at her hands. "I almost did it, but I don't want to connect us like that if it's just your omega wanting it. I want *you* to want it too."

“I do,” she said quietly, looking up at Draco whose eyes had gone a little wide. “I do want that. I mean last night was mostly the omega in me talking, but I don’t think I would have been upset had you done it.” Draco’s lips were pressing into hers and his weight was pushing her back onto the mattress, and Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck to pull him as close to her body as possible. When they finally broke apart, Draco locked eyes with her, and she could see an outpouring of emotions that she was sure was reflecting back at him in her own eyes.

“I can honestly say that I can’t wait for your next heat - or your next peak, whichever comes first.” Hermione laughed and pushed him back, the feeling of needing a shower crawling across her skin now that he had pointed out she needed one.

“I need to go get cleaned up,” she said as she stood up. “What are your plans for the day, you don’t have to stay here with me if you’re feeling awake.”

“I’m going to make a run down to the library, there’s something I need to check on.” His vagueness made Hermione raise an eyebrow, but she slipped into the bathroom without another word, anticipation for the hot water crowding out her curiosity.

...

Hermione had taken one of the longest showers of her life, just because she could, and it had been wonderful. The hot water had felt wonderful against her sore muscles, and although she had used magic to keep her hair in place, she had also used some muggle product. It had felt grimy and sticky from not being washed out immediately so it had taken some time to untangle the mess. When she stepped out, she’d found Draco lounging in bed with a book in his hands and a stack beside him. She walked over to look at the titles, noticing they were all about Alpha/ Omega biology.

“What are you doing?” She asked as she grabbed clothes from the end of the bed that Draco had gotten from her room. Every part of her was thrilled by the simple gesture.

“I’m trying to figure out what happened last night. Seeing as you had taken your suppressant potion the day before, and you still went into heat, plus the fact that you had *one* peak and are now fine. It just doesn’t seem right, so I want to make sure there’s nothing going on that we should be worried about.” His concern for her health gave Hermione a warm and fuzzy feeling inside as she got back into bed and curl up at his side. She was about to ask him to pass her a book so she could help in the search, but her brain had other plans and before she knew it, she’d fallen asleep.

The trees loomed around her, blocking her view of the sky in order to see what time of day it was.

A snap behind her made her spin around, and terror raced through her at top speed. Her heart stopped before picking up a new almost painful pace.

"Hello, my dear," his eyes were slits, his black robes almost floating around him, his overall snake-like appearance burned into her memory. "I've been looking for you."

"No," she whispered. "No, you- you're dead." Voldemort laughed.

"I can never die," he hissed and waved his wand. Suddenly Draco was there, bound by invisible ropes, struggling. "But he can."

"No!" But the flash of green took over her vision before she'd even made a step forward.

"Hermione! Hermione wake up!" Hermione's eyes flew open, her mouth open as if she'd been screaming. Realization flooded her as her brain brought back the memory of the dream, and her dry throat told her that she had, in fact, been screaming. She turned to Draco who was looking petrified beside her and all but threw herself into his arms. He caught her and held on tight, one hand tangling in her mop of curls to press her head into his shoulder while the other rubbed soothing circles on her back.

"It was a nightmare," he whispered softly beside her ear. "It's alright, it was only a nightmare. I've got you, you're safe here."

"He-h- he killed you!" She sobbed, clutching at his shirt. "He just, he just killed you right there in front of me! I couldn't do anything!" She sobbed harder and Draco kept up with the back runs until she slowly calmed down. When her body stopped violently shaking, Draco pulled her back enough to look her in the eyes.

"He's gone, Hermione. He can never hurt either of us again. Potter made sure of that. We're both okay and we're going to stay that way, alright?" Hermione looked at him for a long time, taking in the calming effect his presents had, the way the faintest smell of a forest in spring wrapped around her, practically forcing her heart rate to decrease to its normal rhythm. His beautiful grey eyes were full of concern, and... and love. It all wrapped around her heart and squeezed, forcing her to nod and then tuck herself back into his embrace. "Okay, there's my girl. Now you want to hear what I think happened last night?" In an instant, Hermione forgot her dream and was sitting up, eager to learn what he'd discovered. "Thought so." Draco laughed and grabbed one of the books, flipping through it until he was almost to the end. "There isn't much about it, but from what I can tell, if an omega ends up getting through their heat with their true mate, but aren't claimed by them, it can have the same impact as if they had where suppressant potion won't work."

"I suppose that makes sense," Hermione said slowly, digesting the information. "Thinking back I think that's what happened with Ginny and Harry. "But that doesn't explain why I had a heat earlier than I should have, and why it only lasted the one peak."

"That's been a little hard to figure out, but I found one passage saying something about mates that have a stronger connection than even true mates. If anyone with the connection isn't

mated, but they've been together for a heat cycle, it can cause disruptions to the omega's cycle."

"So... so, we're more than true mates? What does that mean? We're *destined* to be together?" Draco shrugged, putting the book aside and picking up another and flipping through.

"That's what this book would suggest. Who'd have thought, huh?" Draco looked at her, watching as she seemed to frown in concentration. "What's wrong?" Hermione sighed, rubbing her hands over her face.

"I don't know, the thought of being destined for someone is just... I've never believed in that sort of thing, I believe that you can have deep chemistry with someone and that can make it feel like you're meant to be together. But to believe *the universe* has anything to do with it? I don't know." She looked at Draco, worried he might have a different opinion. "What do you think?"

"I'd normally agree with you - before the war, I would've agreed with you. But given everything that's happened with the alpha/ omega gene coming out, and reading the history of how it's generally worked in the past, I don't know what to think about it anymore." He put the book aside and turned to Hermione, lifting a hand to tug at a curl. "What I do know is that I couldn't be happier that we're going to give us a try and if that's because of some biological destiny, fine, I'll take it." Hermione smiled and gratefully accepted the kiss he pressed to her cheek, then her nose, and then her lips.

"It does bring up one concern," she sighed when they pulled apart. "What does it mean when it talks about disrupting? I mean, I can assume the early onset of heat and maybe the one peak is related to it, but does that mean that until we've claimed each other, I could go into heat whenever? How am I supposed to go to classes? I suppose we have most together but being around others, possibly a distance from our rooms?" Draco leaned back against the pillows, thinking hard, trying to come up with a solution that wouldn't create more panic for her. However, it seemed it was an impossible task, as, in order for a claiming mark to be effective, it had to be during a heat. If they had no idea when that could happen, it made it difficult to plan.

"We'll deal with it as it comes, 'Mione," he said softly, taking her hand and squeezing it. "It's going to be fine, we'll figure it out."

Making Decisions

Chapter Notes

I'm not sure if I'm coming to the end of this story or not. I think I've got at least 2 more chapters thought out, but maybe more. I've been thinking of doing a sequel but don't have a full idea for it yet so we shall see!

The following day, Hermione and Ginny decided to do their studying by the lake while the boys had Quidditch practice. The only problem was that Hermione would get a page read or a few lines written before her mind wandered off to her heat issues.

“Alright, what’s going on with you? I mean, aside from the fact that you’re not in heat when you obviously should be.” Ginny put down her quill and focused intently on her friend. She hadn’t wanted to pry, especially when the boys had been around, but she needed to know. Hermione glanced at her before turning back to the lake with a sigh of frustration.

“Draco found something in a book that seems to indicate that we’re supposed to be mated,” she said and rolled her eyes when Ginny squealed, but couldn’t help smiling a little as well. “I thought that would make you happy.”

“Mione all I ever want is your happiness, and from the way, you and Malfoy were dancing at the ball, I would say he very much makes you happy. How it happened I’ll never bloody know and likely never understand, but honestly, the way he looks at you is like sex in a glance.”

“Ginny!” Hermione felt redness climb up her neck. “He doesn’t look at me like that!” Ginny laughed, nearly falling over.

“Oh, Hermione you must be blind! He’s always looking at you like he’s drinking a love potion instead of water! Who’s have thought, the most pureblood focused wizard at Hogwarts falling for the brightest muggleborn witch of our time.” Hermione rolled her eyes as Ginny kept laughing, her study papers forgotten.

“Whatever,” she muttered. “All of that is beside the point. The point is that whatever we have, even though we’re not mated, is the reason the suppressant didn’t work.”

“So same thing as me and Harry,” Ginny commented, having finally stopped laughing and wiping tears from her eyes.

“Yeah, so when he said that it made sense. Before going down to the ball, we had discussed taking our time but very likely mating at some point. I umm, ugh, well I kinda, begged...” Ginny raised an eyebrow.

“You? You begged to be claimed? By Malfoy? Oh boy, you have it bad too - yeah I know, I know!” Ginny shook her head when Hermione started to open her mouth to argue. “What else? I mean that doesn’t explain that whole situation does it?” Hermione shook her head.

“No, the real problem is with the timing and the length. It hasn’t been 3 months since my last heat, and, as you can see, it hasn’t been a week. I had all the symptoms of a heat but only experience one peak.

Draco found a book that talked about people who are true mates, but their connection is stronger than that, resulting in an omega’s cycles being disrupted if they’ve been helped through a heat by their mate but not claimed by them. It’s the only explanation he could find, but the whole idea of effectively being destined for someone is just an unreal concept for me. I’m having a hard time with it.” Ginny’s look changed to one of sympathy.

“Hermione, ever since these genes showed up so dominantly, no one has really known what to do. With so little history written about it, every step of the way is new information. I know not knowing is your least favourite thing, but this might be one of those times.” She scrunched up her nose. “So I guess at this point, in order to get you’re heat cycle back on track, you guys need to make the claim bites. But in order to do that, you need to be in heat, which of course is a difficult task to plan when you never know when you could go into heat.” Hermione nodded, frustrated at hearing the same thing she and Draco had already gone over. Suddenly, Ginny snapped her fingers, a look coming over her face. “I think I have a solution!” She shoved all her stuff into her bag and stood up, she looked at Hermione like she was stupid for still sitting on the ground. “Come on! Let’s get going!” Hermione felt like she was being snapped out of a trance and followed Ginny’s lead and then up to the castle.

...

Half an hour later, Hermione was witnessing a very odd sight. Ginny had her nose buried in a book while she sat there watching.

“Ginny, what are you looking for-“

“Found it!” Hermione’s eyes widened when Ginny flipped the book around and pointed to the top of the page.

“*Heat-Inducing Potion?*” Hermione read and then snapped her head back up to her friend, who was looking smug. “Ginny you’re amazing!”

“Thank you,” she replied with a wide smile on her face as they both leaned over the book, quickly running through the ingredients. “Most of these should be pretty easy to get a hold of, but this could be difficult. I’ve never even heard of it.”

“It’s a plant, that only grows in certain parts of Southern Asia.” Hermione sighed, sitting back down. “I’d be surprised if there was any of it in the castle. Maybe I’ll talk to McGonagall, see

if she knows anything. At the very least she might be able to find out how to get it. How long does it take to brew?" Ginny ran her finger down the instructions.

"Only a couple days, so if we can get our hands on that plant, we can get this going and hopefully have it ready before a surprise heat hits - though that would solve our problem. We should set up in your room so the boys don't know what's going on." Hermione nodded and thanked Ginny before heading off to find McGonagall. The professor refused to use Dumbledore's office unless it was of any importance, so she stopped by the teacher's lounge but was directed to her office by Professor Sprout.

"What can I do for you, Miss. Granger," she asked as Hermione walked into the room.

"I need to ask you something, I'm looking for a plant that only grows in Southern Asia. It's called Tacca Chantrieri." McGonagall raised an eyebrow as she put down her quill.

"That's a very rare plant to be kept here, Miss. Granger. It's not found in any standard potions book. Why do you need it?" Hermione explained everything once more, feeling exhausted from repeating herself, but there was no point in lying. The professor had clearly picked up on her and Draco's connection and would hopefully understand. When she was done, McGonagall leaned back in her chair.

"Well, I suppose, given the situation I can understand your desire to do such a thing. It would also be a matter of your safety as well." She picked up her quill again and took up a small piece of parchment beside her. "Take this to Professor Sprout. If she doesn't have any on hand, I believe she has a connection who would be able to obtain some." She passed it to Hermione, who said a quick thank you and dashed back to the teacher's lounge. She was thankful that she was still there, as she didn't want to be running around the castle all day.

"Hmm, yes I think I might have some. Come with me, dear." She lead Hermione to her office, which thankfully wasn't far from the lounge as she was getting tired of running around, and started sifting through bottles. "Ah, yes, here you are my dear."

"Thank you, professor!" Hermione gushed as she took the jar and headed toward her dorm. She found Ginny standing by the tapestry, Luna beside her looking tired. She had been in her own heat the past week so Hermione was surprised to see her.

"Ginny told me what's happening, I want to help," Luna said before she and Ginny covered their ears for Hermione to say the password to make the door appear. Although it wasn't unusual for people to go in and out of the different houses, it was still precautioned that those who weren't in the house didn't know the password.

"You don't have to, Luna. You must be tired." They walked into the common room and found Draco sitting at one of the desks, quill in hand, scribbling madly on a piece of parchment. He didn't a double take when he saw Ginny and Luna standing with Hermione.

"What are you girls up to?" He asked, turning in his seat to face them, he narrowed his eyes at the jar in Hermione's hands.

“We’ve got a plan, I’ll tell you later.” Hermione just grinned and the three of them disappeared up the stairs to her room. “I think leaving him in the dark will be highly amusing.” They all giggled as Hermione pulled her potions equipment from her closet while Ginny pulled out the ingredients she had gotten from the student supply cupboard from her bag. Luna had the book open to the page they needed and was running a finger down.

“This is a surprising easy potion,” she commented as they all took a seat on the floor once Hermione had opened the window. “Goodness, I’m glad it says here it doesn’t impact mated omegas! I couldn’t imagine 2 weeks of that! I love Ron but Merlin’s sake!” They snickered before setting about getting things prepped.

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Hermione was thankful when the potion was quietly brewing by the window, all ingredients added. There was nothing left to do but wait the 2 days for it to be done. This was the part she was nervous about, as that would mean going about classes and life with the risk of going into heat hanging over her, but she and Draco had made arrangements with the couple of teachers that they had separate classes with to miss them so that they could stay together. It made her feel sick, working her life around her omega side, but it was better than going into heat without Draco around. That had the potential to be catastrophic, especially if there was an alpha around who decided he wanted her for himself. There would be nothing anyone could do if someone else made their claim on her, and given what they knew about their special connection, Hermione feared that ending up with someone else had the potential to kill her.

She still hadn’t told Draco what she was up to and didn’t intend to do so until the potion was ready. She had brought up the idea of having a quiet dinner that night and planned to have a vial of it ready to go. The book stated that it should only take a couple of minutes after drinking to take effect.

Her nerves were constantly getting the better of her over the 2 days of classes. Half the time she thought it was happening, but Draco assured her that she wasn’t giving off any scent of going into heat. He sat beside her, or at the very least close to her for all their classes. This set off Harry and Ron and they finally caught her alone while she was walking to the Great Hall for supper one night.

“You’re hiding something from us, ‘Mione,” Harry said as she tried to avoid them. “Come out with it! You and Malfoy do not act as if you’re just friends.” Hermione huffed, though guilt also sat heavy in her stomach. She had been hiding from her best friends for so long, and they didn’t deserve that. They weren’t stupid, very likely what she had to say wasn’t going to come as a shock to them.

“Draco helped me through my heat back in March,” she started, and it was almost comical the expressions on their faces. She hadn’t been expecting that. “We have discovered that we

have a true mate connection, and now we're waiting for my next heat to, well, make things official."

"You're going to be mated with Malfoy?!" Ron's face was turning red and Hermione rolled her eyes. "Serious? Malfoy of all people. 'Mione he's a git! I don't care what you or anyone else says, he can change all he wants now but that doesn't change his past."

"Ron you are so close-minded!" Hermione snapped, poking him in the chest. "After everything that's happened, I would think having a little compassion for people would be a personality trait. Not to mention, at the end of the day, it's none of your bloody business. You and I were not meant to be together, you're now with Luna. You have no idea what it's like to go through a heat, especially no idea how to do it alone! I tried and thought I was going to die! Draco might as well have saved my life, and if I of all people am willing to work past the things that he has done, during a time when his father was in full control of his life I might add, then you should be too!" The boys looked at her and then at each other. Hermione knew her face was red and she was out of breath but she didn't care. She and Draco had been working on their differences since the start of, well, their relationship she supposed. Old aches still made appearances from time to time but overall she had pushed them away, leaving her feeling nothing but... love.

She hadn't ever thought about it until now, but she supposed she actually loved him. Which was probably a good thing given their situation, but it felt odd to finally say the word, even in her mind and be thinking of him.

"Are you really happy, Hermione?" Harry finally asked, reaching out and touching her arm. She looked at him for a moment, smiled and nodded.

"Yes, Harry, I'm beyond happy. You might not see it, you probably never will, but he's changed so much. He's not the same person. I don't know what I would do without him during my heats anymore." Ron and Harry looked at each other again before crowding Hermione in a hug. She smiled as she leaned into it, happy that her friends were at least willing to accept her life choices.

"I assume this is what you, Ginny and Luna have been mumbling about for months?" Hermione nodded, feeling sheepish.

"I'm sorry I never told you, I assumed you would potentially want to kill Draco, and given the circumstances, I couldn't have you doing that."

"I might still want to do that," mumbled Ron, but he gave her a small smile, "but I guess we will just have to figure out how to live with him." He had a weird mix of looking angry and nauseous going across his face, but Hermione just nudged him as they walked over to the Gryffindor table.

...

Butterflies were back in her stomach the night the potion was ready. She and Draco had decided to call it a date night and she had decided to dress for the occasion. She had put on a simple pale yellow sundress, straightened her hair, pinning some of it back from her face, and put a dusting of makeup on. She smiled at her reflection before walking out, heading for the common room. Draco had magicked one of the desks in front of the fire and placed chairs on either side. The house elves had already been here as there was food laid out for them.

“Wow,” Draco stepped away from where he’d been leaning against the window ledge and come over to her. “You look amazing as always.” He took her hand and kissed it before walking her over to the table. He pulled out her chair before taking a seat himself and dishing out some of the mashed potatoes, roasted pork, and string beans to their plates.

“This looks delicious,” Hermione said as she cut into her meat. It all but melted in her mouth, and she closed her eyes to savour the flavours. “Oh, Merlin that’s good!”

“Would you like me to leave you alone with that pork?” Draco joked, taking a bit of his own. “Though if you would, I wouldn’t blame you.” Hermione laughed, and they chatted while enjoying their dinner, and then their dessert of strawberries and custard.

“Although I can’t argue with a night in, you’ve been acting a bit odd the past couple of days. Ever since you and the girls dashed up to your room. What’s going on?” Hermione bit her lip and pulled the little vial from her bra. “What’s that?”

“This is a potion that can induce a heat,” she explained, placing the vial on the table between them. Draco’s eyes widened as he reached over and picked up the tiny bottle of clear liquid.

“This... this stuff could make you go into heat?” He asked, holding it up to the light of the fire.

“Yes, Ginny found it in a book. She thought this might ease my stress about not knowing when I could go into heat in order for us to, well, you know.” Draco set the bottle back down between them and looked at her, a serious expression crossing his face.

“Is this really what you want, Hermione? For us to be together forever? I mean, I’m sure there is a way to... undo the connection if it’s really something you don’t want to do.” His tone said that he hoped she wouldn’t say no, and Hermione hid a smile.

“Draco, you can be an arrogant, self-absorbed man,” she started, and watched his face slip down, “but ever since we’ve been forced to live with each other, I’ve seen a different side of you that, honestly is so amazing.” She reached across the table and took hold of his hand. “This is what I want, I promise.” Draco looked at her for a long moment before leaning across the table to kiss her. When he pulled back, he stood up and took her hand, pulling her to the couch.

“Hermione, I... I think I love you...” He looked scared, which caused Hermione to squeeze his hand.

“I think I love you too,” she said slowly, smiling brightly when his face lit up. “I think I’ve known for a while now, but the other day it clicked. It made me realize just how okay I truly

was with our situation, even if it wasn't our choice in the first place." Draco nodded, pulling her close and kissing the top of her head.

"Alright, well, now that we've said those magic words..." They looked at each other and then over at the table where the vial seemed to be staring at them. "You ready?" Hermione took a deep breath and nodded before standing to retrieve it from the table. She uncorked it, looked at Draco and downed the contents. It tasted awful, but she didn't really know what she had expected.

"Alright, we should get up to bed," Draco stood and took her hand before leading her to his bedroom.

From Now On

Chapter Notes

I have decided to do one last chapter, so we are almost there!

Hermione smiled as she walked into Draco's room, contentment flowing through her as the door closed and she turned to face him. He looked nervous standing by the door and she stepped closer, taking his hands and pulling him further into the room.

"Stop it," she said softly, "this is what I want, I swear." Draco looked at her and nodded, drawing in a deep breath.

"I just never thought this was something I would get to experience, finding someone who actually *wanted* to be with me." Hermione smiled and pulled his face down to hers, kissing him deeply. While they stood there, Hermione felt the tell-tale roll of heat sweep through her and she gasped against his lip.

"Draco..." she was overwhelmed by his scent as his grip on her waist tightened, crumbling her dress in his hands.

"Yeah, I got you," he backed them up to the bed and they tumbled over. They pushed themselves further up the bed until they settled into the pillows. They kissed and pressed themselves against each other, tension building as clothes got in the way. Hermione felt her skin burning, fire flowing through her veins and causing slick to flow generously.

"Alpha! Alpha, please, please..." Draco pulled back, making quick work of the buttons on his shirt before tossing it aside. He pulled Hermione into a seated position so he could help her get out of her dress, and groaned when he revealed what she was wearing underneath.

"Oh fucking hell," he groaned, running his hands over the dark green lace of the bra she was wearing, along with the matching, skimpy thong. Hermione flopped back into the pillows, managing to give him a smug smile, even while her heat was starting to cause redness to crawl across her skin. "You sexy little omega. For being a Gryffindor you look damn good in green."

"Whatever makes you happy, baby," she whispered before reaching up to grab his neck, yanking him down. "Anything for my alpha." Draco groaned again and somehow managed to get himself out of his pants before he started to press kisses and nips across her chest and stomach. When he was nestled between her thighs, he used his tongue to give one solid swipe across the thin fabric of her thong, wringing a gasp from her lips. He smiled and moved back to pull them off, only to have a bra smack him in the face.

"Oops," came Hermione's response as Draco pulled the bra from his shoulder where it landed. He raised an eyebrow at her while she giggled, but he cut it off by shoving 2 fingers into her while using his thumb to run her clit.

"I think you'll regret that omega," his alpha tone rumbled from his chest. Hermione's eyes were blown wide with lust, and her breathing was irregular as Draco thrust his fingers in and out, twisting them vigorously while also rubbing his thumb in circles. He leaned over so his head was beside her ear, grabbing her love with his teeth for a moment before letting it go.

"I'm going to make you cum until you can't see straight." Hermione moaned, feeling her lower abdomen tighten before letting go with one final swipe of Draco's finger. She gasped for breath as her release rocked her body, but it didn't dull her heat. She still felt like she was burning from the inside out, and she gripped Draco's arms tightly in order to get his attention away from her neck, away from the spot he would be biting soon.

"Draco... alpha, please! I need you, I-I need your knot..." Draco moaned when Hermione reached down and encircled his cock with her fingers and pulled.

"Oh fuck, you keep that up and it won't make it inside you," he replaced her hand with his own in order to guide himself to her entrance and then shoved in, bottoming out. Hermione reviled in the fullness, soaking in the closeness and their joining. Everything felt so right and as Draco pulled out before pushing back in, there was no question in her mind that this was what she wanted for the rest of her life.

"Alpha... Draco..." she was fighting the heat to make sure he knew this was coming from her, not her omega. Draco pulled away from her and looked into her eyes. "Claim me, please. I'm yours, please claim me." Draco looked at her for a moment, never changing the rhythm of his thrusts.

"Anything you want, baby. Absolutely anything for you," he pushed himself up and moved his weight away from her long enough to pull her as close to him as possible, wrapping her legs around his waist. When he moved back over her, pressing his lips to hers in a bruising kiss, the new angle allowed his cock to hit her sweet spot. Every time he pushed into her, she gasped and moaned, feeling another release getting ready to burst from her. As it did, Draco pulled out and flipped her over, pulling her onto her hands and knees and gripping her waist with one hand so he could use the other to rub at her clit again. Hermione wanted to collapse, the feeling of another orgasm building so quickly again her vision blurred.

"Oh! Oh fuck, Draco!" It was blissful to release again, her insides tightening and squeezing around Draco's cock, almost forcing his growing knot to stay inside her. But when he rolled her over once more, she relaxed enough for it to slide in and out, made easier by the gush of slick that was flowing from her.

"Once more for me, my beautiful omega. I know you can give me another one," Draco was leaning over her again, his hot breath ghosting across her ear. He had one hand trapped between them so that it could continue to rub her, and Hermione thought she might never breathe properly again as her body squirmed against him. His knot was locked inside her now, and when her walls convulsed one last time with an eye-rolling release, he sank his teeth into her mating gland.

Hermione gasped, her eyes flying open and her whole body going rigid. She felt herself squeezing around Draco's cock impossibly tight. Her whole body was focused on the tingling from Draco's bite. Instinct took over and she rolled them over so that she was on top, Draco was still locked inside her, but because of biting her and therefore starting the claiming, he wasn't able to climax until she had returned the favour.

"Hermione... Fuck. Please do it, Merlin I feel like I'm gonna explode." Draco's chest was heaving, sweat shining across his chest.

"Whatever you want, *alpha*." Hermione leaned forward, brushing her nose across his neck, right where her omega was eager to clamp down. Draco groaned, his alpha struggling to find release. His knot was throbbing, leaking precum but desperate to fill the omega who was now licking his mating gland.

"Fuck, Hermione!" Draco growled, hands gripping her hips. "Bite me, please. I need, Merlin I need you to claim me." His words hit her in the right spot, sending a shiver down her spine and without waiting another moment, she bit him. She was thankful that the bite didn't draw

blood, it probably would have made her sick. But the feeling that erupted within her sent her spinning through the most intense release she'd ever experienced.

The connection that she'd already been feeling with him suddenly seemed deeper, she felt his relief and an overwhelming sense of joy. The pressure of his knot releasing his seed into her was beyond anything she had ever felt before, and it seemed like her body was absorbing everything he had to give. Her mind briefly went to the fact that the birth control potion was less effective during this time, but before it was able to care too much, her body collapsed against Draco's and she fell asleep.

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Hermione opened her eyes to sunlight coming through the window and tingling in her neck. Her sleep-clogged brain slowly brought back memories of the night before and a giddy feeling washed over her.

Her heat had woken them half a dozen times throughout the night, and each time had been better than the last. The connection had floated between them each round, allowing them to sense exactly what the other had needed. It had taken a couple of rounds to figure out what they were feeling, but from then on it had been more magical than anything either had experienced in their life.

She felt at ease as she sat up, noticing that Draco wasn't in bed but didn't have time to be concerned because he came back through the bedroom door. When he saw her awake, he smiled so softly that her heart melted.

"There's my beautiful girl," he said as he came over to sit on her side of the bed. "How are you feeling? You're not coming into another peak are you?" Hermione smiled and shook her head just as Draco leaned over and pressed a kiss to her temple.

"No, I'm good. I think I could use a bath through," Draco nodded and helped her walk to the bathroom, sat her on the toilet and then filled the tub with warm water. Once she was seated and relaxed, he knelt beside her.

"Merlin, Hermione, you're so gorgeous." He said, reaching over to run a hand back through her wild hair.

"Thanks," she said softly, enjoying the hot water on her muscles and Draco's hand in her hair.

"I'll take your word for it, I'm feeling a little too grimy for gorgeous right now."

"You could never be anything less than gorgeous to me," he leaned over and kissed her forehead, leaving Hermione feeling tingly all over and more at peace than she had ever felt since the war.

Beautiful Endings

Chapter Notes

Here we are! I can't believe how quickly I managed to get this story out and how many have enjoyed it!

I hope you all enjoy this last chapter of Hermione and Draco's start!

A special thank you to those who have been reading and commenting throughout the majority of the story, I've deeply appreciated it and looked forward to hearing your thoughts!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The final week of classes went by in a blur, followed by a frantic week of exams. Hermione had determined she had definitely lost some volume to her hair for the amount that she had pulled out in her stress, but Draco had never stopped insisting that she was beautiful. It made her blush most of the time and she had swatted at him and mumbled about getting back to studying. She hadn't thought about it at the time, but their timing for claiming each other had been perfect since it meant that she had no fear of being in heat during the exams or graduation.

When exams came to an end, Hermione found herself down by the lake with Ginny, Luna, Ron, Harry, and Draco. She was beyond grateful that Ron and Harry had put their issues with Draco aside when they saw how happy he made her. Their childhood could never be changed, and would likely always be an underlying issue, but it honestly created some comedy.

"You're crazy, Potter!" Draco said with a roll of his eyes. "The Holyhead Harpies are as likely to make it to the finals this year as Wigtown Wanderers - no offence, Weasley." He turned to Ginny who was just about to open her mouth to protest. "I'm sure that'll change once you're on the team, but this year they have no chance."

"No way! They have been playing some of their best games this year!" Harry argued and started listing off statistics. Although everyone was beyond excited for Ginny to be joining the team, the girls found themselves scooting away from the boys to have a discussion on their own.

"Not that I would ever tell him, but Draco is right," Ginny mumbled, rolling a stone around her hand. "They haven't been playing their best this year." Hermione reached over and patted her shoulder.

“You’ll make up for it once you’re playing,” she said confidently. “So how do you think you did on the Potions exam?” Luna and Ginny rolled their eyes at the change of subject, but they started to compare their answers. Although Ginny was supposed to be a year behind them, due to her contributions to the war, she had been going through the same classes as the rest of them and would therefore be graduating with them, something they were all looking forward to, even if it meant the end of their time at Hogwarts.

Hermione zoned out of the conversation as she glanced up at the castle, her mind going to the first time she had seen it while going across the lake in that little boat. This place had some of her best memories attached to it, and a fondness filled her chest. However, it had a dark edge from everything that had happened during the war. But the mental scars were healing, being covered by new memories, special ones that would always be a part of her. She ran her hand over her neck, only knowing she was touching her mate mark when she felt a tingling sensation. The bite had healed by the end of the week of her heat, and now the only thing visible was the slightest puncture marks, dark enough to make sure that all others knew that she belong to someone else.

Hermione turned to look at Draco, who she caught watching her with a quizzical look on his face. She simply smiled and turned back to her friends, reengaging in the conversation.

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Hermione stood in the corridor outside the Head’s dorm room, waiting for Draco to come out. It was graduation day, which of course made her nervous, but it would also be her first time meeting Narcissa since the war. However, this was under very different circumstances. Draco had written to her the week following their mating, and while her return letter had sounded cold and indifferent, Draco promised her that there was nothing to worry about. His mother would love her and she only truly cared about his happiness. He hadn’t said anything about his father, who obviously would not be coming to the ceremony, but who she knew they would have to tell eventually - that was if his mother hadn’t already.

For now, though, she tried to keep her mind on graduating. It was hard to believe everything that had happened this year, and how she had honestly thought she wouldn’t get back to finish.

Draco came out the door of their dorm room, dressed in a light grey suit under his graduation robe. He looked so handsome, and before she could stop herself, Hermione was throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him deeply. Draco stumbled back against the wall, but caught her around the waist and held her tightly for a moment before eventually pulling away for air.

“What was that for?” He asked, a touch of colour finding its way into his cheeks.

“You just look so perfect,” Hermione replied, still holding onto his neck. “And I love you.” Draco smiled and planted a quick kiss on her lips.

"I love you too, Hermione," he said softly before standing up straight and prying her arms away from his neck. "Now before you go making anything hard to deal with-" she snickered at the meaning behind his words. "-let's get down to the entrance hall, they'll be wanting us outside soon." Hermione nodded and hand in hand they walked to the hall. They would be coming back later to change before the party that was being held for the graduates out on the lawn that night and then would be leaving for home the following day.

"Ah, there you two are," Ginny said as they came to the bottom of the steps. "We were starting to wonder if you were having pre-graduation sex." Hermione rolled her eyes and gave her friend a look.

"We don't have sex that much," she said, though it didn't sound all that convincing. Of course, they had sex outside of her heats, and yes they may have a lot of it, but that didn't mean they did it all the time.

"Yeah right," Ginny snickered just as McGonagall had them line up alphabetically and make their way outside into the sunshine. The grounds in front of the castle had been decorated in all the house colours, and chairs faced down the direction of the lake. Parents were seated behind the ones reserved for the graduating students, and it all pointed towards a podium where the teachers sat along with a table full of rolled-up parchments - their documents that labelled them as qualified wizards. Hermione felt giddy as she took her seat. She had spotted her parents on her way down the aisle and they had smiled broadly at her, tears in their eyes.

After she had carefully given them back their memories of her, she explained what had happened and why she had done what she did. There had been a mix of emotions from them, but they had mostly been overjoyed that she was alive and proud of her for taking a stand. Hermione was sure that even though they hadn't known the fear of possibly losing her until the danger had been eliminated, they were sitting there thinking about the fact that this day might not have happened. It was definitely something that was running through her mind.

McGonagall came up to the podium that had been placed at the head of the stage and placed her wand to her throat to magnify her voice.

"Welcome everyone," she called out, "to this especially emotional day. I am sure I'm not the only one who, 3 years ago, had thought today would not happen. But I am overjoyed to see so many of our students come back to finish their education. We are also here to honour those who were not given the chance to be here." There was a moment of silence before she continued, but Hermione was only half listening. She'd found Draco across the aisle and a row back and caught his eye, and he smiled at her before nodding towards the stage for her to pay attention.

She turned back in time for McGonagall to announce the first group of students to walk across the stage. There was endless applause as each name was called, and when Hermione was next in line, she became very aware of the tremble in her legs.

"Hermione Jane Granger." She stepped up, feeling numb as she walked over to the teachers. They were all standing there to shake her hand as applause and whistles rang out through the air. She looked out and saw all her friends cheering loudly, and when she picked Draco out of

the crowd, his smile melted her away. He looked proud and she grinned widely as she shook hands with Professor McGonagall and walked off the stage.

She sat back in her seat and cheered as her friends crossed the stage, feeling her heart soar as Draco was called. She was thankful that during his time as a Head Boy he had proven that he had changed, and although there were still plenty of people who weren't fond of him, there were enough who didn't mind him that the cheers and applause didn't sound any less. Admittedly she had been concerned that the crowd would be mostly silent for him.

Slowly everyone crossed the stage, with the crowd being especially loud for Harry, Ron, and Ginny. They had been labelled celebrities because of their involvement in the war and although things had been fine during school, they had talked about their nerves about going out into the wizarding world. She and Draco had also talked, given that their mating was likely going to create an insane media frenzy. They had discussed staying at the manor given its level of privacy, but after what had happened there, Hermione wasn't willing to live there. So they were going to get a flat in muggle London, put up protection charms, and figure it out from there. It would also keep her close to her parents, making it easier for them to visit. Narcissa could easily visit via floo if she wanted, whereas her parents would have to drive. This kept it easy for them.

"That concludes our graduation ceremony," McGonagall called out, breaking Hermione from her thoughts. "Congratulations to all of you, we look forward to seeing what you accomplish for here. I am honoured to present the next group of qualified wizards to our community!" Cheers erupted all across the lawn, and all around the students leapt from their seats, jumping in excitement and rushing around to find their friends. Hermione quickly found Harry, Ron, and Ginny, grasping them in a group hug before Luna came bursting through the crowd to capture Ron in a kiss.

"I'm so proud of you, my love," Hermione turned when she heard Draco's voice, and a wide smile broke across her face to match his own.

"I'm proud of you too, honey," they embraced tightly, pulling away enough to kiss before Draco gave her a look.

"Are you ready to meet mother?" Hermione bit her bottom lip before nodding her head. "And no doing that in front of mother," he added, pulling her lip out from between her teeth. "Makes me want to do inappropriate things." Hermione raised an eyebrow at him and smirked before they made their way back to where most of the parents were waiting for their kids to come to them. Narcissa was standing with 2 others who Draco said were Aurors who'd been sent with her since she was supposed to be on house arrest.

"Mother," Draco started as she approached, his hand on Hermione's back, "this is Hermione Granger, my mate. Hermione, my mother, Narcissa." They had obviously met before, but Hermione was grateful that he was acting as if they hadn't. Maybe it would help them get along.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Miss. Granger," Narcissa extended her hand for Hermione to shake. "It will be a joy to have you join our family. I hope you will come to accept my and Lucius' deepest apologies for the harm our views have caused you in the past.

We understand if you are not able to, but I would very much like to be able to be civil.” Hermione gave her a small smile. Although she felt like it would take longer to accept his parent’s apology, especially his father’s (if he was actually sorry at all), she wanted to be civil, if only for Draco’s sake.

“Thank you, I would like that as well,” she took Draco’s hand and squeezed it, receiving one back. Narcissa gave her a tight-lipped smile before turning back to focus on Draco.

“As you well have guessed, I’ve been in contact with your father about these things. He simply wants your happiness, Draco. He also wanted me to wish you congratulations on finishing school. He’s very proud of you for returning after everything we have put our family through. I am also very proud of you, and my deepest congratulations on not only completing your education but also for finding someone who obviously makes you very happy.”

“Thank you, mother, she truly does.” Draco looked down at Hermione and kissed her forehead. “If you’ll excuse us, we should probably go find your parents, my love.” Hermione nodded and they said their goodbyes to Narcissa, saying they would come to visit once they had left school and were settled. They already found a flat, Hermione’s parents had personally gone to look it over and had started to find them furnishings. Hermione was looking forward to seeing how he handled using muggle appliances.

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After guests had left following a special dinner in the Great Hall, the students returned to their houses to pack their belongings and change before heading back out to the grounds. A large tent had been set up and decorated with a small stage where a band was setting themselves up. When the music started, so did the dancing, which mixed with the alcohol that they had been permitted to have, given the occasion, quickly had couples pairing off and disappearing. Hermione found herself being pulled away from the crowd by Draco, both of them stumbling and laughing as they found a quiet corner away from everyone, tucked into the dark where hands could roam freely under clothes and desperate, drunken kisses could be pressed into exposed skin.

Finally, Draco pulled away and looked at her, eyes shining from the effects of the Firewhiskey.

“Merlin Hermione,” he breathed as he hugged her tight, using the wall of the castle to keep himself propped up. “I’ll never know how I got so lucky with you, but I’m going to try and prove it to you from now on.” Hermione smiled enjoying the comfort being in his arms brought her. She had closed her eyes but opened them when Draco shifted her away. She looked at him quizzically as he held her at arm’s length. “Although I’m more than happy that you and mother will hopefully be able to get along someday, I’d give up everything that comes with the Malfoy name to keep you by my side.” Hermione let out a breath, tears

forming in her eyes. They went wide as, in the bright light coming from the moon that was peaking out from behind a cloud, he dropped to one knee.

“Oh, Merlin... Draco...” Her hands were pressed over her heart as he pulled a ring from the pocket of his shirt. It was golden with a single large diamond and a few smaller ones on either side.

“Will you marry me, Hermione?” He asked, taking her hand. Given their mating, this question was more of a formality, but he felt it was appropriate.

“Yes, absolutely!” Hermione watched him slip the ring on her finger before dropping down to her knees in front of him, wrapping her arms around his neck. “I love you.”

“I love you too, my love. I’ll always love you.”

Chapter End Notes

There you have it! I hope you have all enjoyed this story as much as I have enjoyed writing.

I am definitely thinking about writing something else to follow this but it might be a little bit while I decide where I want it to go.

Thanks again for reading and as always reviews are deeply appreciated!

End Notes

Reviews are always appreciated!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!